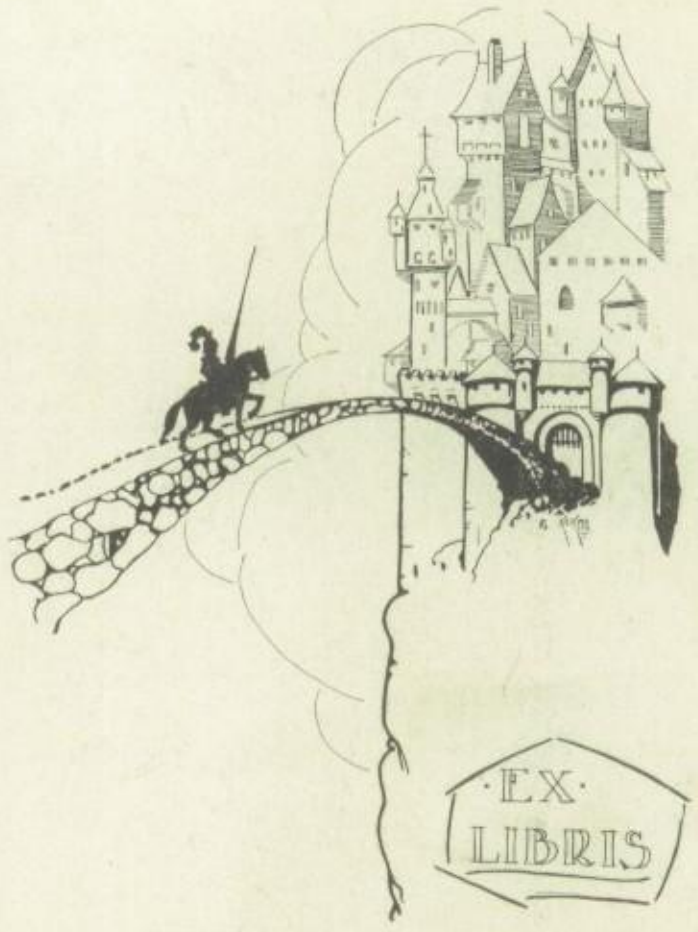
Kipikawi

1922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Kipikawi

1922

Volume XlV

of

The Racine High School Annual

Published by the Senior Class of 1922

Dedication

She inspired a respect and loyalty so unusual that it must have been most gratifying to her, could she have been aware of it.

Class of 1898.

"Her face is like a brimming well
For a weary soul to drink of—
Not only good to look upon
But beautiful to think of."

Class of 1902.

Her life was gentle but influential and the elements so mixed in her that all alumni might stand up and say to the world: "A strong personality of great influence creating moral, educational, and spiritual ideals and standards for the student body." She has put forth untiring efforts in making our high school a greater and better institution of learning. *Class of 1908.*

P for patience she always showed us,
O for "Onward"—that's her motto bold,
R for reliability, her virtue,
T for tenderness and trust untold,
E for the example set before us,
R for the reward she sure will get—
Put them all together, they spell "Porter;"
'Tis a name we never shall forget.

Class of 1909.

Ten years have passed, but we still hold dear in our memory, the one who was most respected and loved, our best friend, Susan M. Porter.

Class of 1912.

We are grateful for the opportunity to express our appreciation for the untiring service and inspiration of one of Racine's best known teachers, Susan M. Porter. *Class of 1914.*

A woman of sterling qualities, loved and admired, not only by the students, but by everyone who knows her. *Class of 1917.*

The intellectual and democratic instructor of our Senior year who well merits praise and thanks. *Class of 1920.*

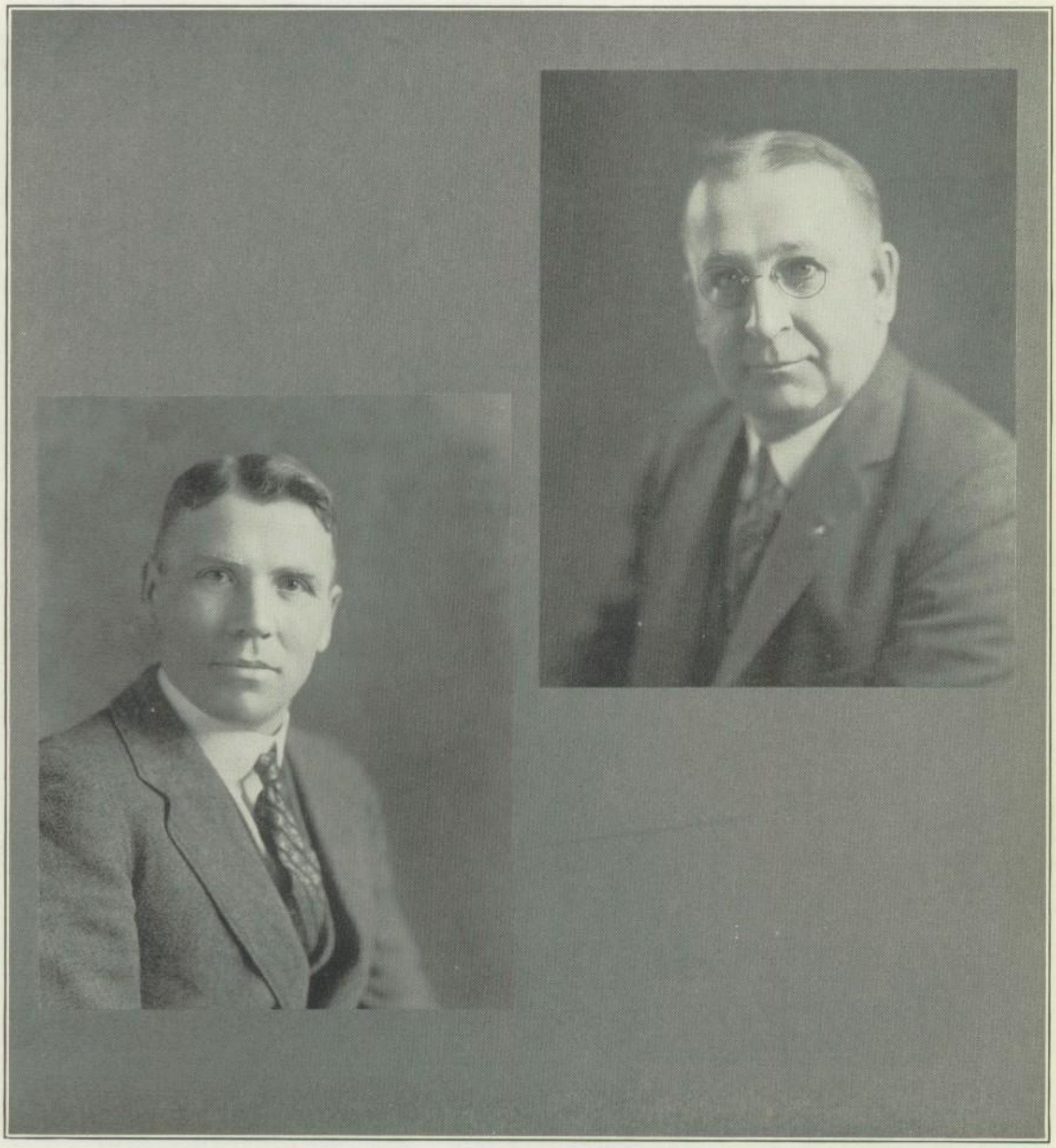
We'll think of your Fairness in years to come:
We'll ever strive Onward in what you've taught:
We'll work for a Richness of knowledge too;
And aim for a Worthiness for you.
Ah, yes, your Achievements in life we'll seek,
We'll search for a Righteousness like to yours,
We'll wish for your Diligence had by few,
You've helped us go FORWARD by serving true.

Class of 1922.

In honor of the twenty-fifth year of her service to the Racine High School this volume is affectionately dedicated to

Susan M. Porter

The members of the class of 1922 wish to express their appreciation of the kindness of Mr. I. Friedman in that he made it possible, by his giving the Rialto, for the students of Racine High School to meet in assembly Wednesday mornings during the school year, a pleasure they could not otherwise have . . . . . enjoyed. . . . . .



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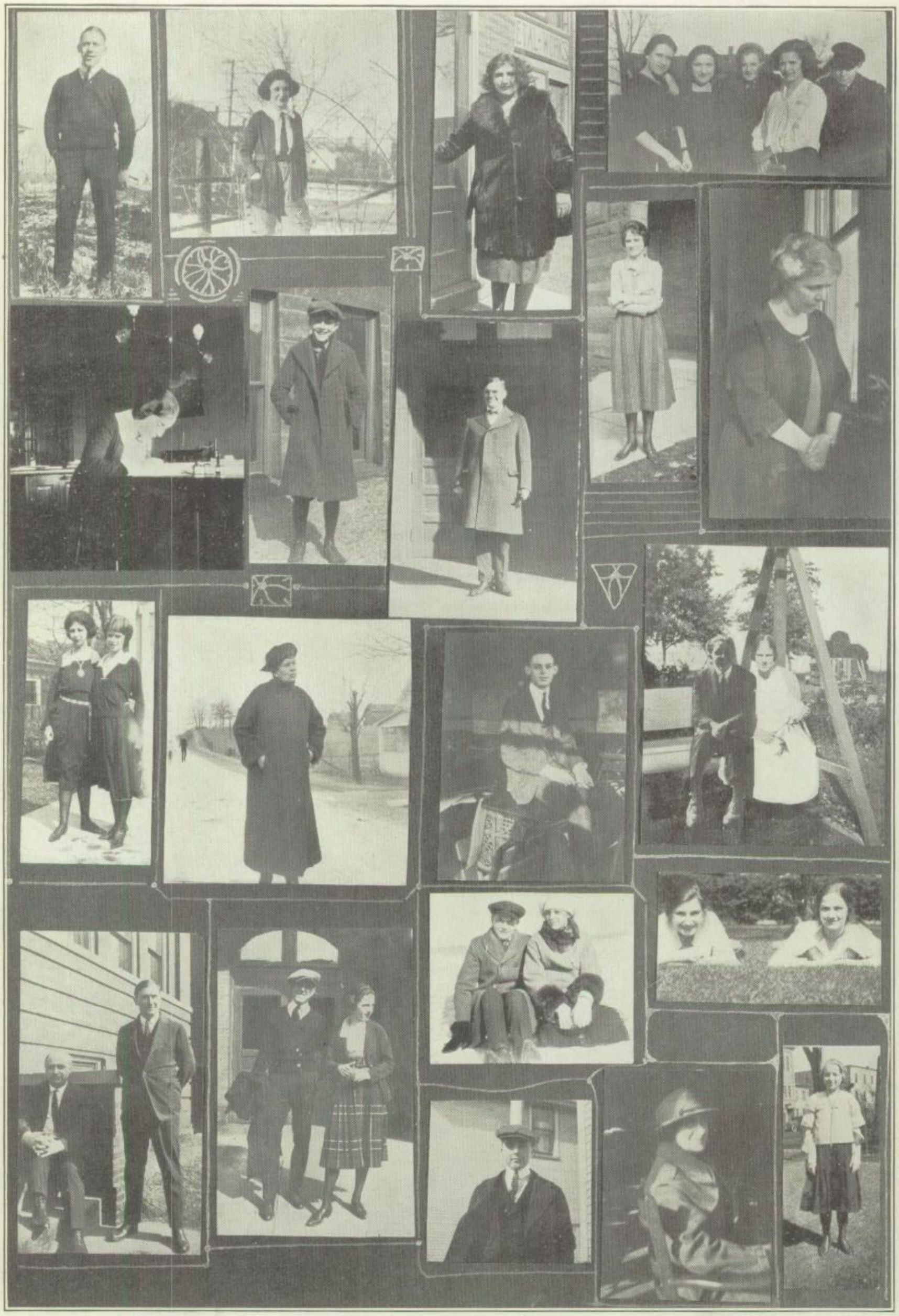
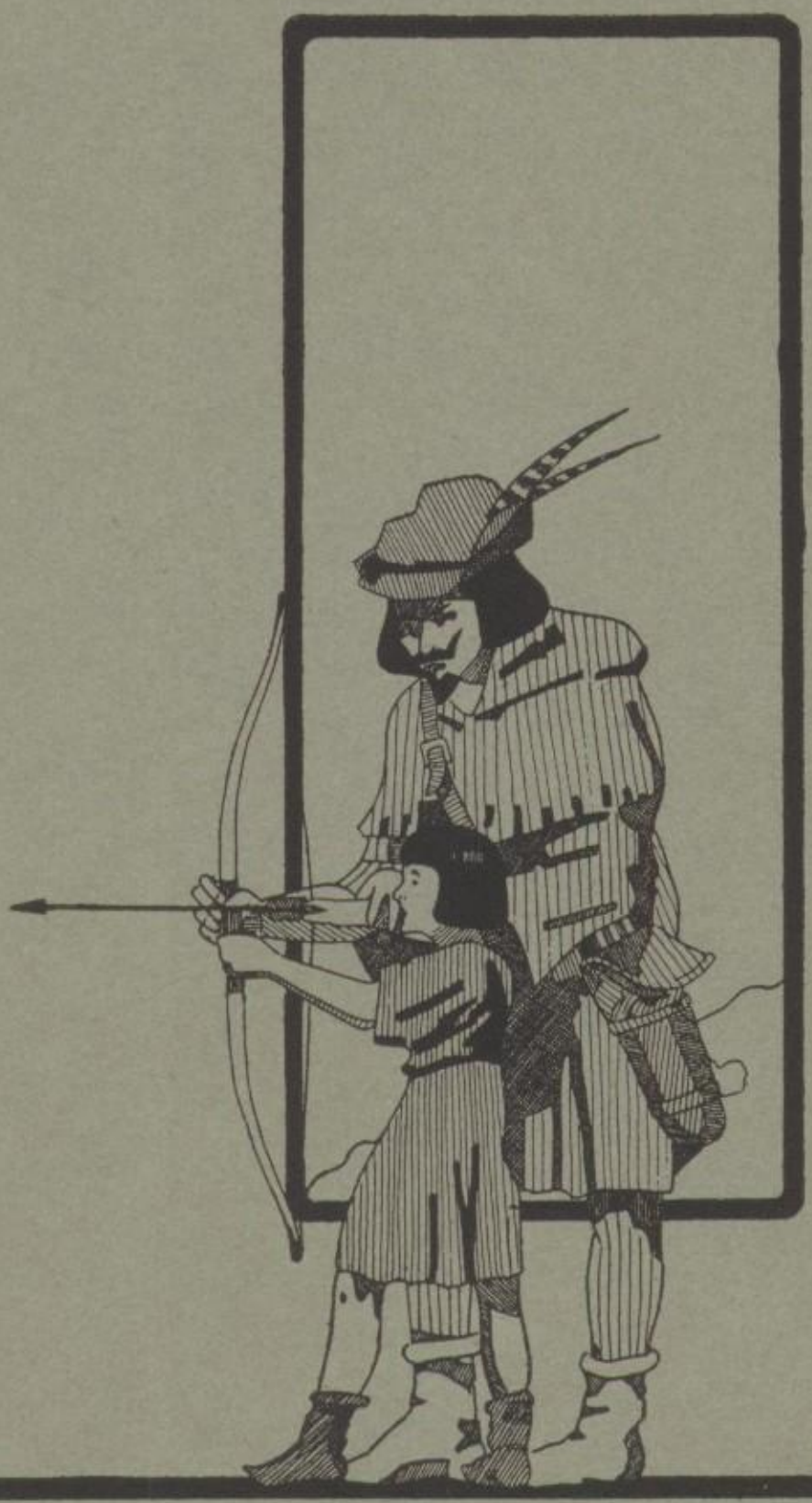
William C. Giese

Superintendent of Schools—

F. M. Longanecker





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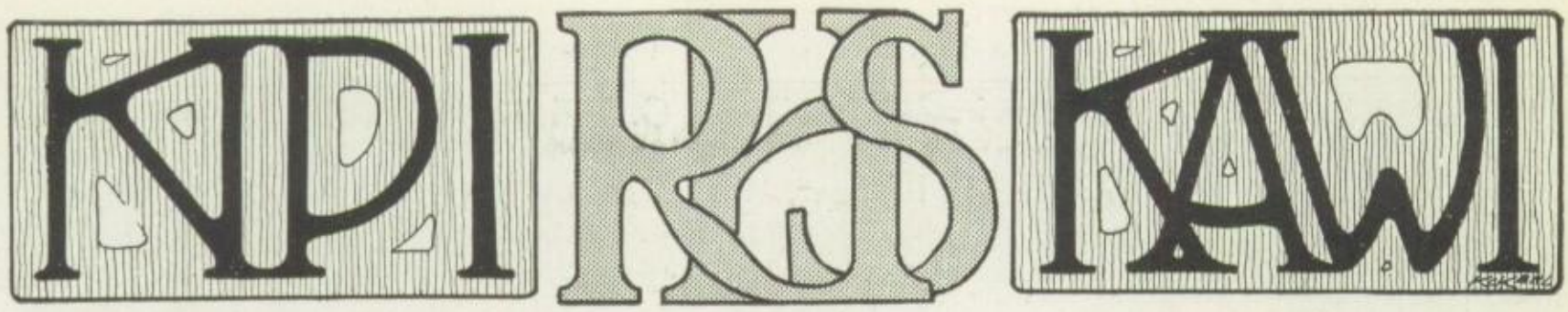

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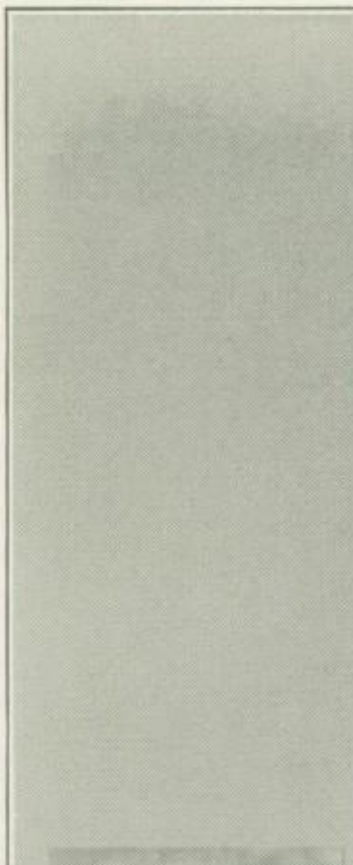
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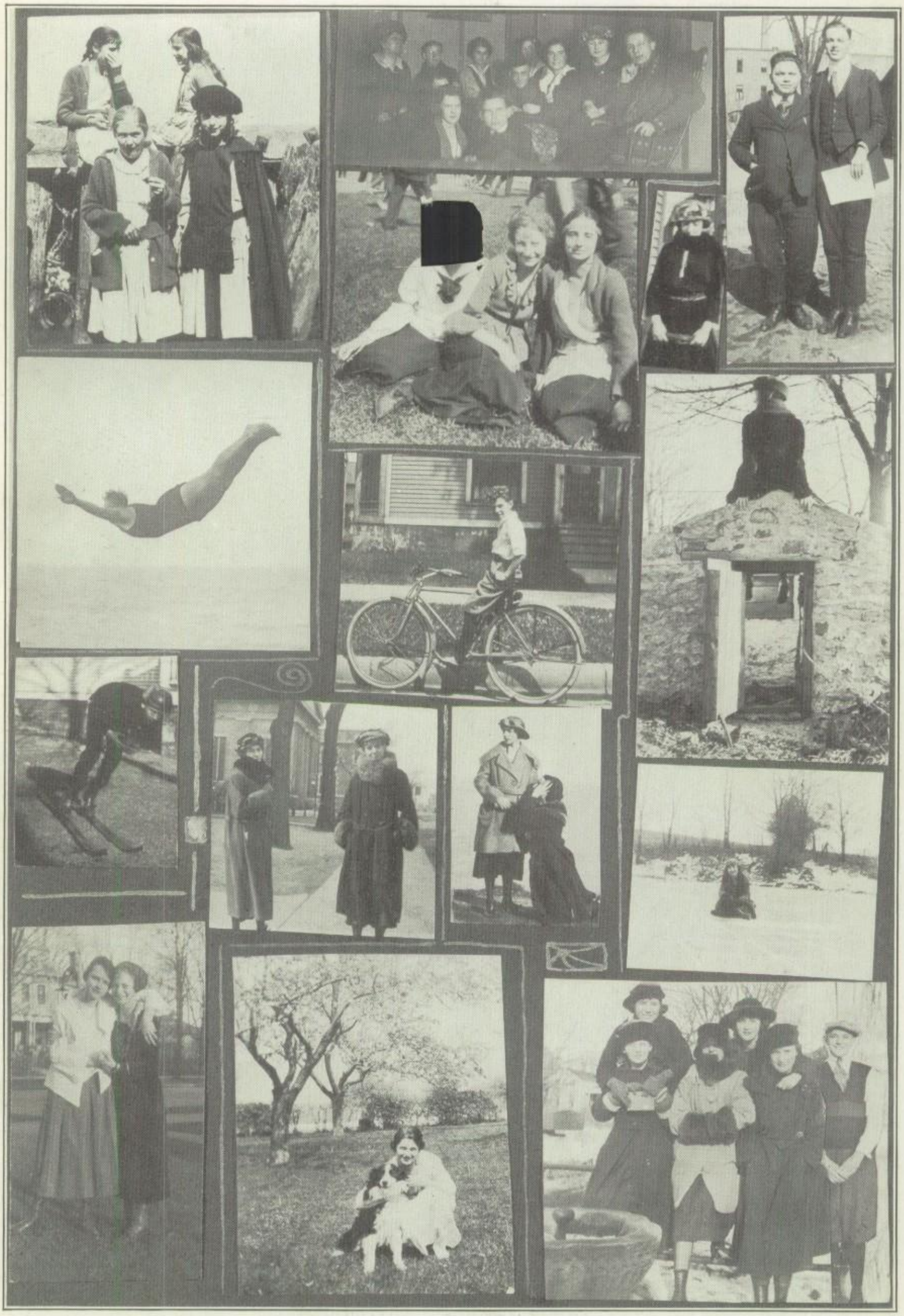

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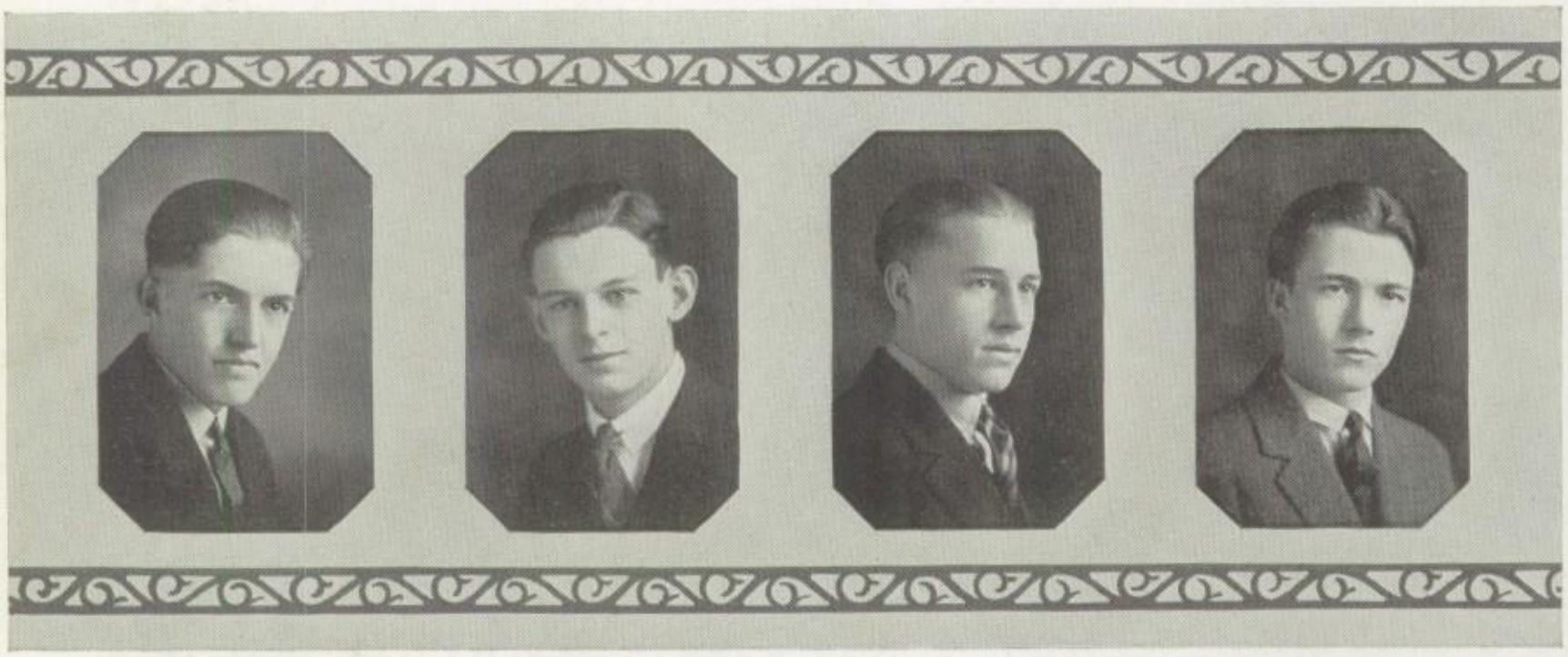
KIPLIRS KAWI

Senior Class Officers



President	Vice President	Secretary	Treasurer
Wilmer Davis	Richard Smith	James Anderson	Colville Owen

Motto: *"First Master Self"*
Flowers: *Daisy*
Colors: *Blue and Gold*

MARVIN SHOVERS
"He that falls in love with himself will have no rival."

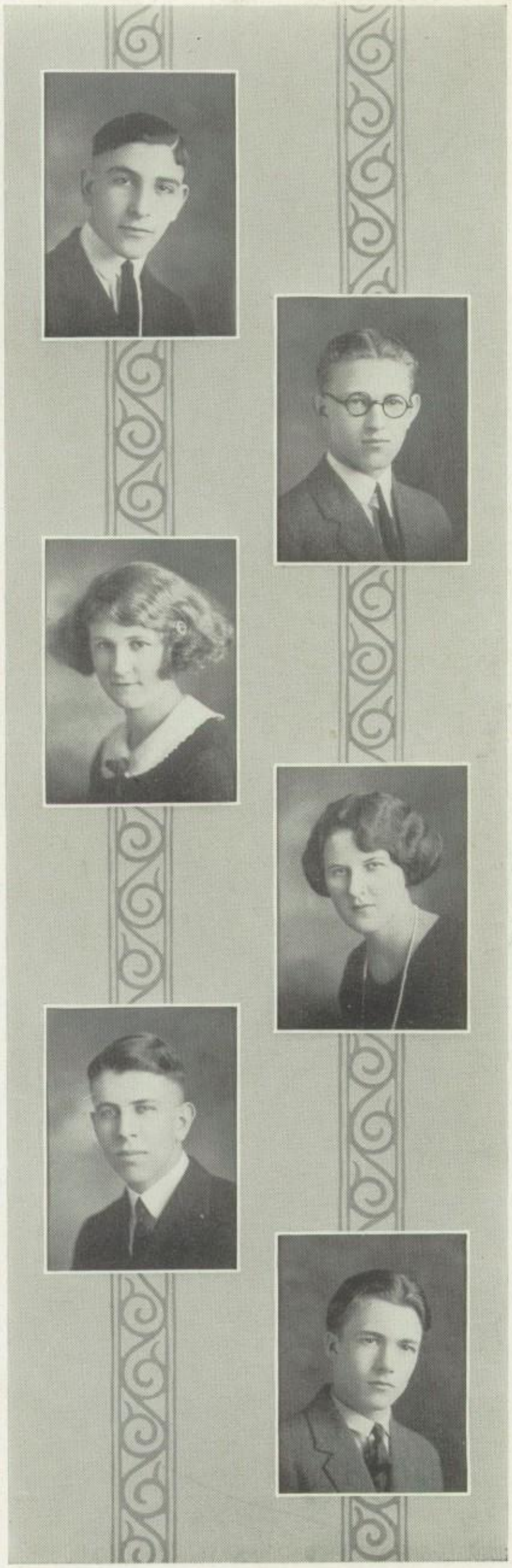
RUSSELL DIXON—"*Russ*"
He won't graduate but it's such a *lovely* picture.

JEAN FERGUSON
Golden hair,
Curled with care,
Takes all Jean's time,
Comb and mirror by her side
All the time abide.

JEANNETTE ROSKILLY—"*Jean*"
R. H. S. has flappers some,
Jeannette, however, takes the prize.
She has all, to the last crumb,
Of flapper's trademarks, we surmise.

FORREST LEAF—"*Bosque*"
Well, leaves are always green.

COLVILLE OWEN—"*Cowbells*"
'O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."



WILLIAM CHADWICK —*"Bill"*
A barking dog never bites.

RUTH SMITH—*"Smithy"*
A wad of gum; bobbed hair;
A bashful smile—It's all there.

PEARL NELSON—
1921 consigned her to us; so it isn't our fault.

DOROTHY LALONDE —*"Dot"*
Dromedary dates are not the only kind she gives to Bill.

KATHERINE FEIKER
We'd advise her not to work in a novelty shop,
Because she might be sold as a roly-poly.

BERT ELLIS
Darwin's theory is right; Bert's the missing link between man and monkey.

DELTA SORENSON —*"Del."*
"I called them all up excepting Delta;
I wonder if she'll go?"

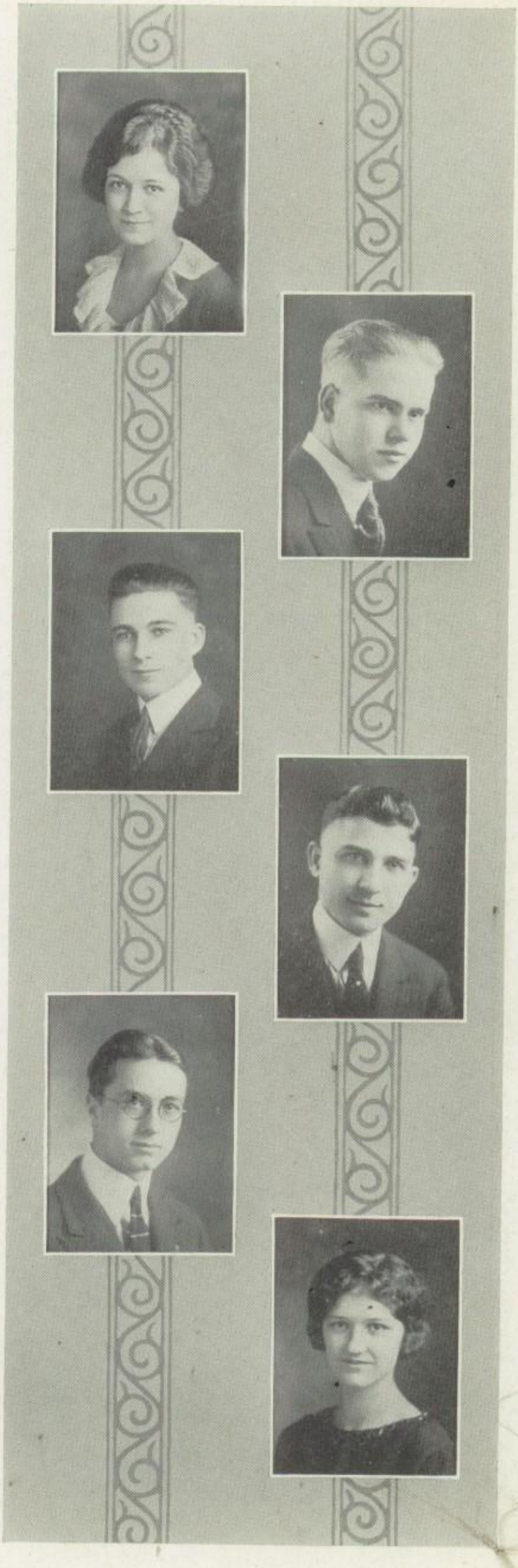
JOSEPH BENGSTON —*"Joe"*
Repetition of a thought tends to make it dominant; if of a thought, why not of English?

JAMES BLACKBURN
Meek and mild, a bashful lad.

JAMES LIBARIS —*"Libby"*
We'd all like to know you.
Eventually — why not now?

JOSEPH ROBOTKA —*"Joe"*
No doubt you have seen,
But never have heard
Of Joseph Robotka,
Who acts like a bird —
Maybe it's the country air.

LAURA KRAUS
The neighbors will willingly subscribe for oil for her fiddle strings.



CLINTON MILLS —*"Clint"*

He'll break his arm patting his own back one of these days.

JEAN HARVEY —*"Jeanie"*

Vamp, little lady — at least keep on trying.

ALICE ENGELS

Better take gym, Alice; you are too stiff.

CATHERINE JONES—*"Kath"*

If you see two people, one looking extremely bored, you'll know that the other one is I.

LUELLA SCHERBEL —*"Lou"*

What shall I do to be forever known;
To make this age come to my own?

CARL LANGE —*"Kutz"*

Some people seem to know everything except the fact that they don't know how much they don't know.

KARL ALBRIGHT —*"Buddha"*
His mind moves as gracefully as his feet.

RUTH TIDYMAN — *"Tidy"*
Remarkable Resemblances:
Flivver horns,
Dinner bells,
Tidy's laugh.

ESTHER HAU
With a heart that's a roaming,
A wanderer true,
And more men in the gloaming,
You'd be fickle too.

RUTH KRISTURIUS —*"Kissy"*
'Tis boys that make her eyes go round,
Her laugh that makes the walls resound;
Her waist that makes the arm go round,
Yes — 'tis Ruth who doth the boys confound.

OLIVE WOODRY —*"Bossy"*
As a snob she's surely first rate;
And she'll waylay boys with any old bait.

GILDARD KONZ
"Where women are not concerned he is an honest worthy man."

THEODORE RUFFOLO —*"Ted"*

If a man is right he doesn't have to get mad about it.

RUTH G. NELSON

Nicely laundered but too well starched.

URSULA BAUMANN

A girl is well-dressed when she can withstand the gaze of the public and yet does not cause undue attention.

MARGARET BROWNE —*"Marg"*

Don't forget, Marg, a sense of humor is a great big essential in life.

BETH BLOOM—

What would a Butterfly do without wings?

EDWARD SORENSON

He'll blush at morning, noon, and night;
He'll blush when called on to recite;
He'll blush when a lassie looks his way;
In fact, he blushes the live-long day.

JOHN SVOBODA —*"Johnny"*
What has everything and lacks nothing? — I

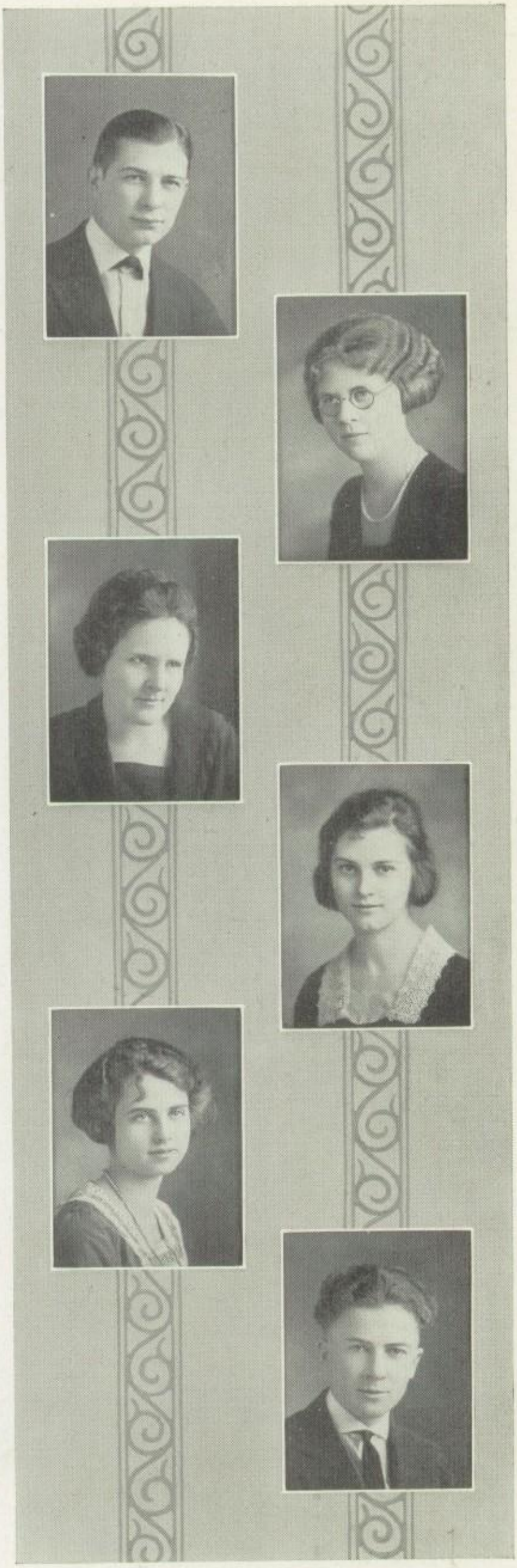
ALICE JENSEN
She has four eyes and always imagines she is seeing some boy following her.

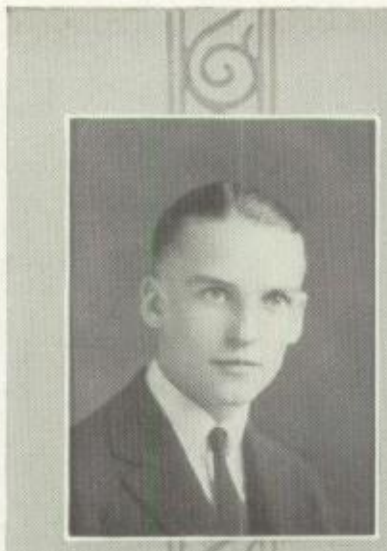
RUTH BYE
She is quiet and demure,
Cares not for the world's lure;
But look into her eye
And you'll see — Ruth Bye.

LOUISE POOCH
We think you know an awful lot, but why be backward about it?

HELEN MOORE —*"Hummy"*
She giggles by day
And flivvers by night.
To Harold she'll stick
With all her might.

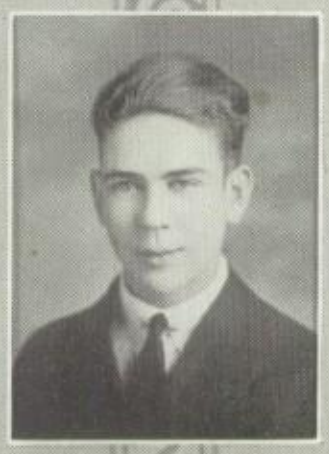
EMIL GEYER
Your independence might look like impudence to your neighbor.





EDMUND GILDAY —*"Ed."*

Clockwork gets rusty when it stands still.



VINCENT OLLE —*"Beano"*

A graceful, slender willow,
With head preceding feet.
He's aptly nicknamed *Beano;*
As a clown he's hard to beat.

VERNA SOMMERS —*"Huns"*

She talks and talks and talks some more.
She talks the live-long day.
Oh my, how fast her mouth does go,
Yet how little does she say.

EDITH PETERSON —*"Edie"*

Mocking-bird.

KENNETH KEHL —*"Kenny"*

Some might call his an artistic temperament, but to us it looks like plain Yankee mulishness to the nth degree.

ROY WHITLEY

Some day that boy will really get enough courage to smile at a girl.

JAMES ANDERSON —*"Jimmy"*
He's fickle — but who cares?

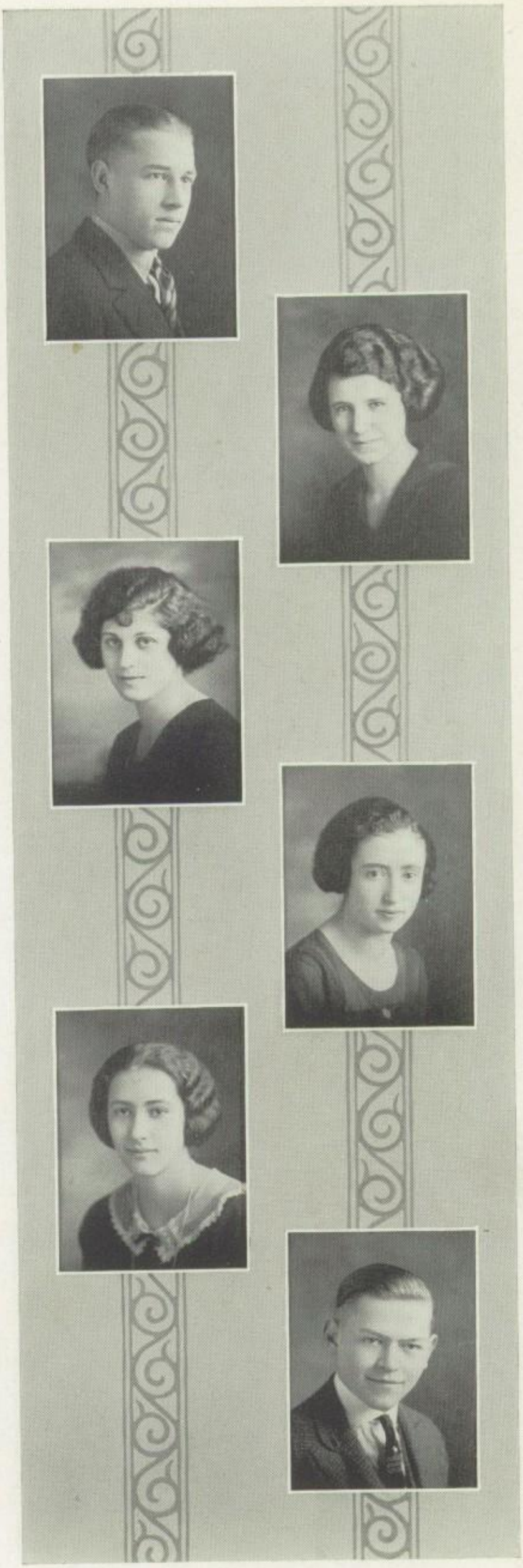
FLORENCE GAISER —*"Flossy"*
"A mighty pain to love, I wis,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain
To love a lad, and love in vain."

LUCILLE SCHULTE —*"Lu"*
"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

ELEANOR SACKRIDER —*"Senorita"*
Men are the least of my worries, but I spend an awful lot of sleepless nights.

MILDRED HILKER
A very frank lass is she
And to the teachers she's frank as can be.

FRANK EICHELBERG —*"Ikey"*
It's all right for some people to indulge in self-admiration; otherwise they would'nt get any.



ORVIN KLEMA

He's got a good line, but his hooks are rusty.

ALICE MOORE —*"Al."*

She tries to be coy,
Her laugh is quite nice;
But the High School boy
It fails to entice.

ELLIZABETH WALKER

She looks neat and smooth, but she has ruffles on her temper.

CARRIE HANSON

Hurry, hurry little star,
We're always wondering where you are.
First up the stairs, then down the hall,
We can't get a glimpse of you at all.

GRACE CAHOON

She copies her work,
She's fond of the boys.
From them she'll ne'er shirk.
She handles them as toys.

WALTER LIND

A bad case — empty bottles.

RANDOLPH KRUEL — *"Wan"*

Tell us, Randolph, is it the spice
Of life not to take a girl out twice?

MONA VOLKERT

Her chatter beats greased lightning.

ELLEN ROSHAR

She may have some Irish wit, but one must search long to find it.

CATHERINE HANSON

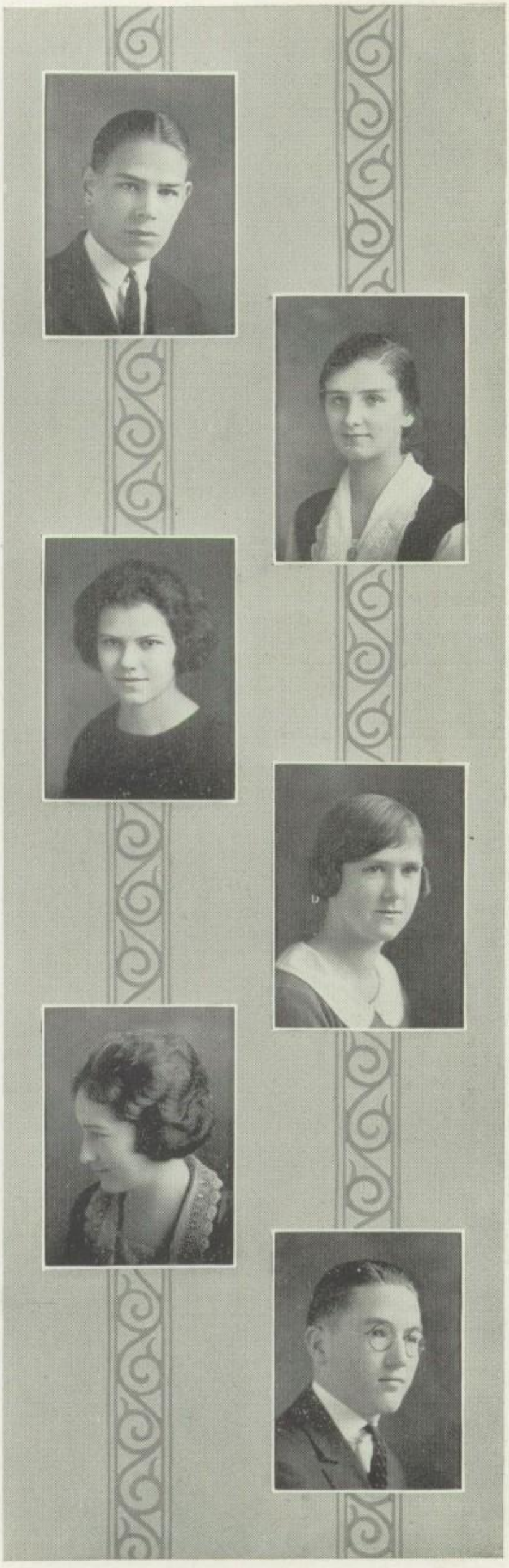
Has she a personality? We wonder.

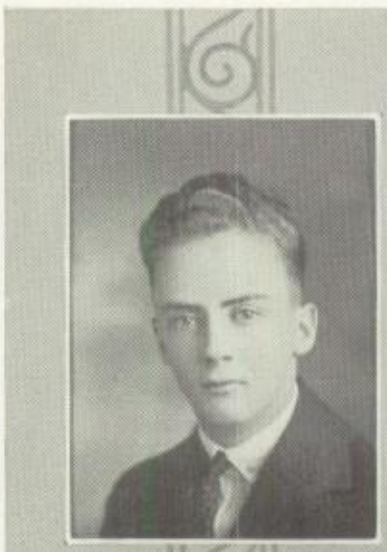
CAROLINE TREULSCH —*"Cal."*

Oh Cal, oh Cal, of you we would surmise,
An iron will, a purpose strong;
We'd guess, though we may be all wrong,
That you for *his* favor will strive to rise.

BERNARD STRAND —*"Berno"*

When one thinks he can play baseball like football, is he in love?





GERALD NELSON

A bill poster finds his place and then sticks there.

WINFIELD FOSTER —*"Win"*

"Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right."

ALICE MATSON

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

HELEN HOMAN —*"Homy"*

We all know that she's frivolous,
A girl more frivolous you'll never see,
Her motto is, "This life is short
And why let anything worry me?"

STEPHEN OELLERICH —*"Steve"*

An independent lad is he
As stubborn as a mule.
Not even *she* can budge him
His mind set once- — it rules.

FRED ADAMSON

I am tall and I have a tall estimation of myself.

FRANCIS BUFFHAM — *"Fran"*

He *looks* so manly and brave —
His hair curls so divinely!

BERTHA OTT

Tall and thin she hurries in
To see Miss Porter every morn.
They converse. She's not so worse—
But she looks on the class with scorn.

ELIZABETH DONNER —*"Bets"*

Oh Vanity Fair, why fuss with your hair,
When Belle City boys you just cannot bear?
And think you Cream City
Has one so pretty?
Then why wear out mirrors if you don't care?"

ELEANOR BURGESS

One can see her logic in her pauses.

MARJORIE SVOBODA —*"Marj."*

"If music be the food of love, play on."

WALLACE JOHANNING

"As lean was his horse as is a rake
And he was not right fat I undertake."

EARL FREDERICKSON

When you get him alone — you'd be surprised.

MARGARET PRITCHARD —*"Pritchy"*

A human declaration of independence.

MARY DUFFY —*"Duffy"*

Mary, Mary quite contrary,
How do your lessons go?
"Oh, 'E's' and 'G's' and quite a few
'P's' —
Depends on my feelings, you know."

ELEANOR HINDLEY —*"L"*

El'nore's mad, and I'm glad,
And I know what'll please her;
A bottle of praise, and comp's — just rave,
And three big laddies to squeeze her.

HAZEL KASPER —*"Kassie"*

'Tis whispered round by those who know,
That you're a lovely lass;
But we don't know, so why not show
Your assets to the class?

HAROLD NEWMAN — *"John Doe"*

"At twenty-one a man knows everything; at fifty he wishes he knew something."

CARL BURKERT

The only reason he hasn't red hair is because ivory doesn't rust.

EDNA GUNTHER —*"Eddie"*

Angel faces are often the cloak for non-angelic deeds.

CATHERINE VANCE —*"Katie"*

She goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among the boys;
The sermon, though, she doesn't hear;
But makes her heart rejoice.

VIVIAN DAVIS

If the tongue could kill, good people would no longer have a monopoly of dying young.

RAE VERBY —*"Do Ra"*

It is difficult to realize that this sweet girl graduate was once a short haired baby with a red nose.

SVEND SORENSEN

Gee, it must be great to graduate more than once.

DONALD WADEWITZ—*"Don"*

Besides a car, Don had a girl.
He thought she loved him well;
But whether 'twas car or Don she loved,
Is not so hard to tell.

DOROTHY JOSLYN

She loves not man the less but knowledge more.

LYDIA NEIDLE

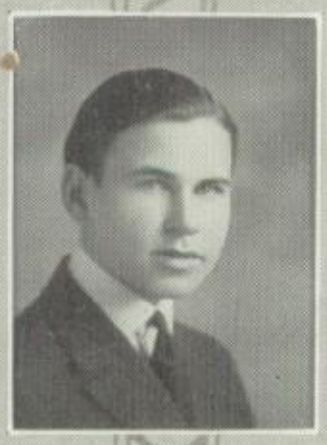
"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

EDITH KOVAR

The rock of Gibralter never moves—neither does Edith.

MARY M. GRIFFITH

Peace and quiet are again resumed
When Mary Margaret departs.



WILFRED HOLTZ—*"57"*

When a young man begins to call on a girl twice a week, his mother fears the worst.

HARLAN SNOKE — *"Harley"*
Say, Harley! Why keep the property which you returned in the mail?.

ORRIN LOOMIS
But he really isn't a Freshy!

RUBY JORGENSEN
"The harder I try the gooder to be, the worser I am."
But in Colville's opinion she's surely a peach.

RUTH MANTELL
She is brainy, yes, has lots of pep,
But her sharp tongue will cut you yet.

ARTHUR OLSON —*"Art"*
The monkey is a friend of mine,
In fact I've heard it stated,
That he and me
And me and he
Are distantly (?) related.

WILLARD JOHNSON
A *useful* lover, we would say.

BENJAMIN KIMPEL —"*Benny*"
Ah, he's the cutest girl!

IONE JOHNSON
What is this young lady made of?
Sighs and leers and crocodile tears —
That's what Ione Johnson is made of.

JOSEPHINE WAGONER
Watch your step — even teachers will turn.

MARJORIE ASHDAHL —"*Mart*"
She can't be *very* sad;
She sings in the choir.

GERTRUDE WILLIAMS
We know you're "all there" — why try to fool us?

RUFUS KING
A little spark, a sudden flare, a crashing eruption — that's Rufe.

JEROME MICKELSON
"All things are not what they seem."

BEATRICE BUELL—*"Bee"*
Would I were the only woman in this world of men.

HELEN BARTA—*"Lena"*
Can we judge people by their walk?

HELEN GREEN
She's a very saucy person.
How snippy she can be;
But to Harold she is different
There's a reason, don't you see?

MARY HALAMKA
When at school I don't deny
She is, or seems, so awful shy;
But you should see her at a dance,
The other girls haven't a chance.

GEORGE BENSON
A man doesn't like to go to bed with the chickens, and yet he always wants to roost high.

HARVARD CARROLL

He has the face of an angel, but the devil's in his eye.

DAVID ERICKSON —*"Dave"*

The poor horse broke his leg; they shot him; he's dead.

FRANCES ALLEN

A nuisance to a worker;
A giggler all the time;
And she's the greatest flapper;
On gum e'er wasted dime.

RUTH PETERSON

W-what would you do if you couldn't say exactly what you think?

LEWIS PAYNE

He never got over his freshman years.

RICHARD SMITH —*"Dick"*

My manners are dainty,
My walk is quite pretty,
And my voice is so sweet,
My name should be Letty;
You see I'm quite a treat.

THEODORE STEWART —*"Teddy"*

This tall and lanky little boy
Is surely bright and pert;
In vain with girls he tries to toy,
But never catches any skirt.

EMIL MAUEL

Silence is golden, but even gold tarnishes.

WILMER DAVIS —*"Wim"*

Wilmer likes himself quite well;
Who likes him better 'tis hard to tell.

ROBERT BANE —*"Bob"*

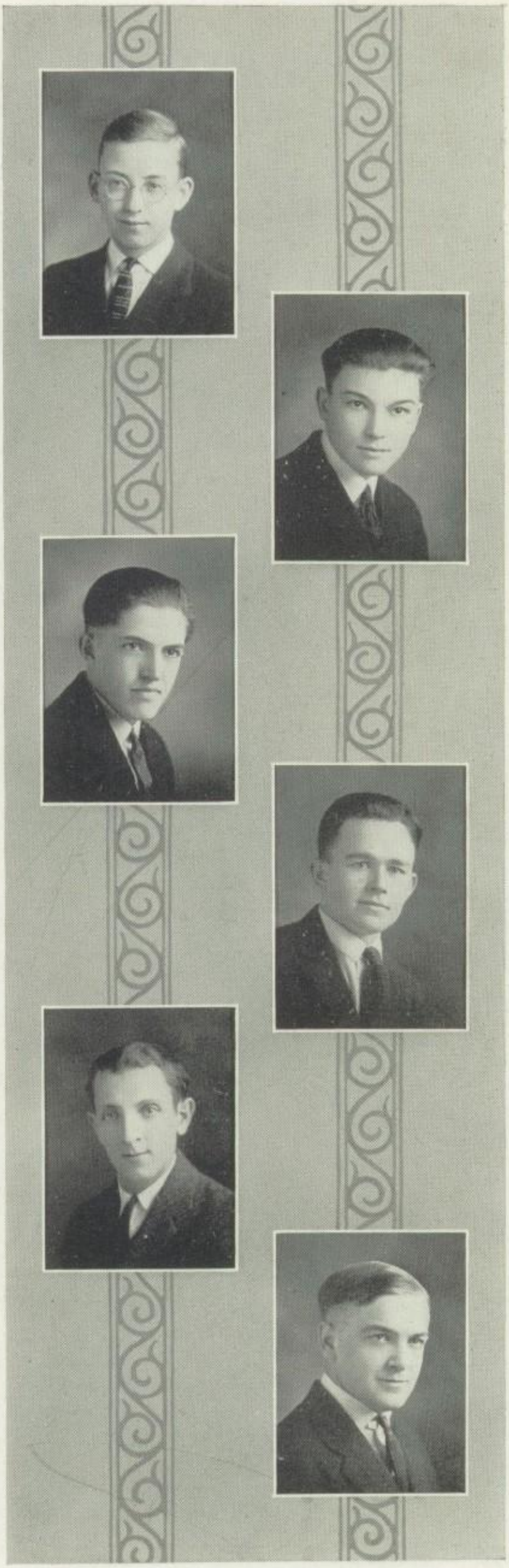
Bane, Bane, wonderful Bane,
When it comes to talking
You give us a pain.

EDGAR MUEHR—

"Hey, I've got an *idea!*

HAROLD JENSEN

With a flivver and a past
He ought to be really fast,
But nobody knows
Except — Helen.



LEO JENSEN —*"Leaps"*

Teacher: Isn't he?
Leo: No, he ain't.

EDWIN MERRIMAN —*"Ted"*

Where there is great activity
Foliage groweth not;
Of thick and curly waving hair
Ted surely has a lot.

ROSE MANTELL —*"Rosie"*

"Hundred per cent. Dumb-bell. Ding-dong."

RUTH EVANS

Birds of a feather flock together; she ought to chum with Bert Ellis.

MILTON LEWIS —*"Milt"*

But I know better!

HENRY KARK

He delves in metaphysics, and arithmetic.

WILBUR MORGAN —*"Bub"*

He always has some childish prattle to relate which *he* thinks is funny.

FELIX BOYAK —*"Cowboy"?*

"Isn't it queer I can't get another date?"

RUBY KVAPIL:

A pout on a baby's lips causes approving comment; but on Ruby's lips — we wonder what?

FRANCES CORBETT

Pigtails, pigtails, beautiful, beautiful pigtails.
Frances, you're a big girl now.

VERNA WEIRTZ

"He who is never guilty of folly is not so wise as he imagines."

ETHEL WOHLRAB

"The frivolous work of polished idleness."

MARTHA HOOD —*"Mart"*

Her nose in the air,
Artificial waves in her hair,
Why doesn't she speak to someone else,
Besides her long, lanky cavalier?

FLOYD SANDELIN: —*"Sandy"*

Belle City girls aren't good enough
For bashful Sandy; — oh
But what a Romeo
Is he in other towns — such bluff!

DAVID BUCHTA —*"Dave"*

David's wit will get him on the stage some day. Good sweepers are needed.

THEODORE LARSON —*"Ted"*

The best punishment for a fabulist is not to be believed.
(The editor takes the responsibility for this slam.)

LORRAINE OLLE —*"Olle"*

Red, Stubby, Chet — a love in every port.

HARRIET DAWSON —*"Hattie"*

"A character dead at every word."

AGNES BLACKWOOD —*"Aggy"*

Her affections are as changeable as spring winds.

RUBY KWAPIL

A pout on a baby's lips causes approving comment; but on Ruby's lips — we wonder what?

FRANCES CORBETT

Pigtails, pigtails, beautiful, beautiful pigtails.
Frances, you're a big girl now.

FELIX BOYAK—*"Cowboy"*

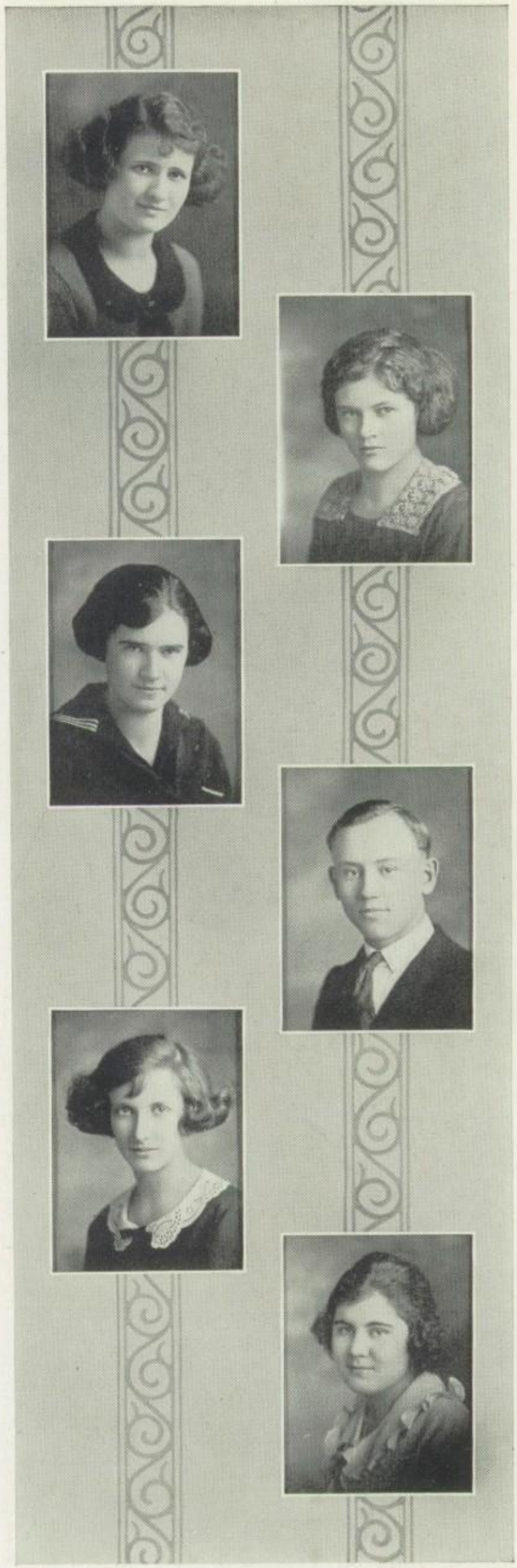
"Isn't it queer I can't get another date?"

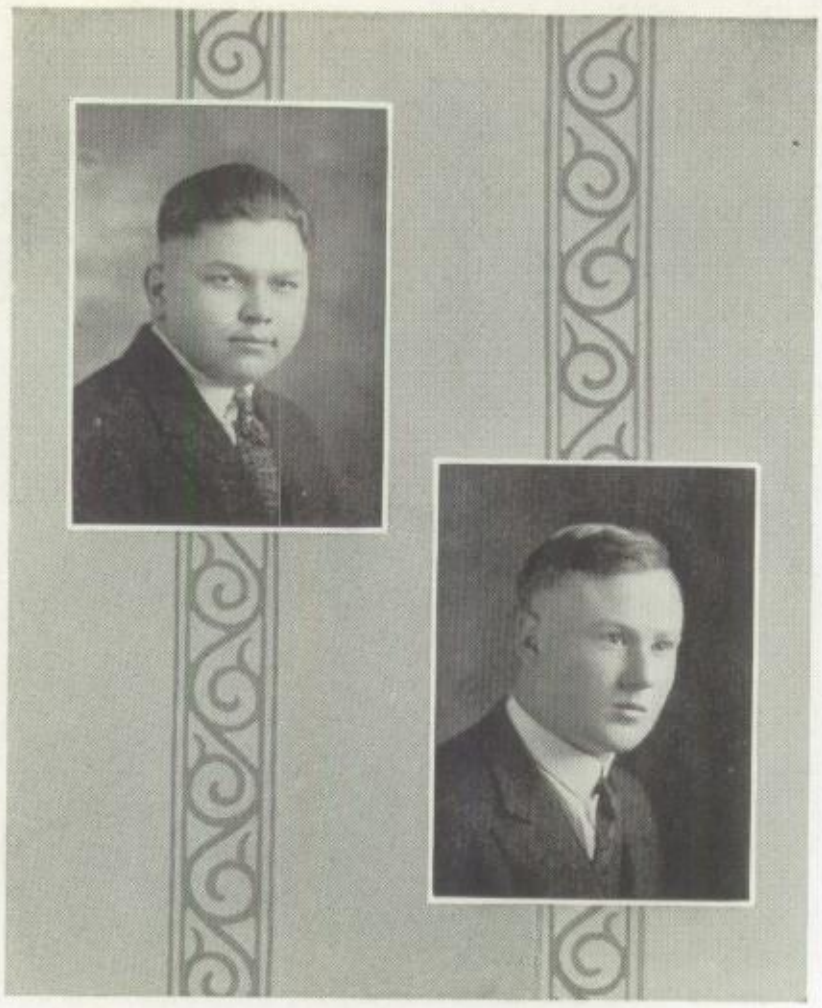
LAURA SCHACHT

O, if life were only one long game of basket-ball.

DOLORES PETERS

Quiet people are welcome everywhere.



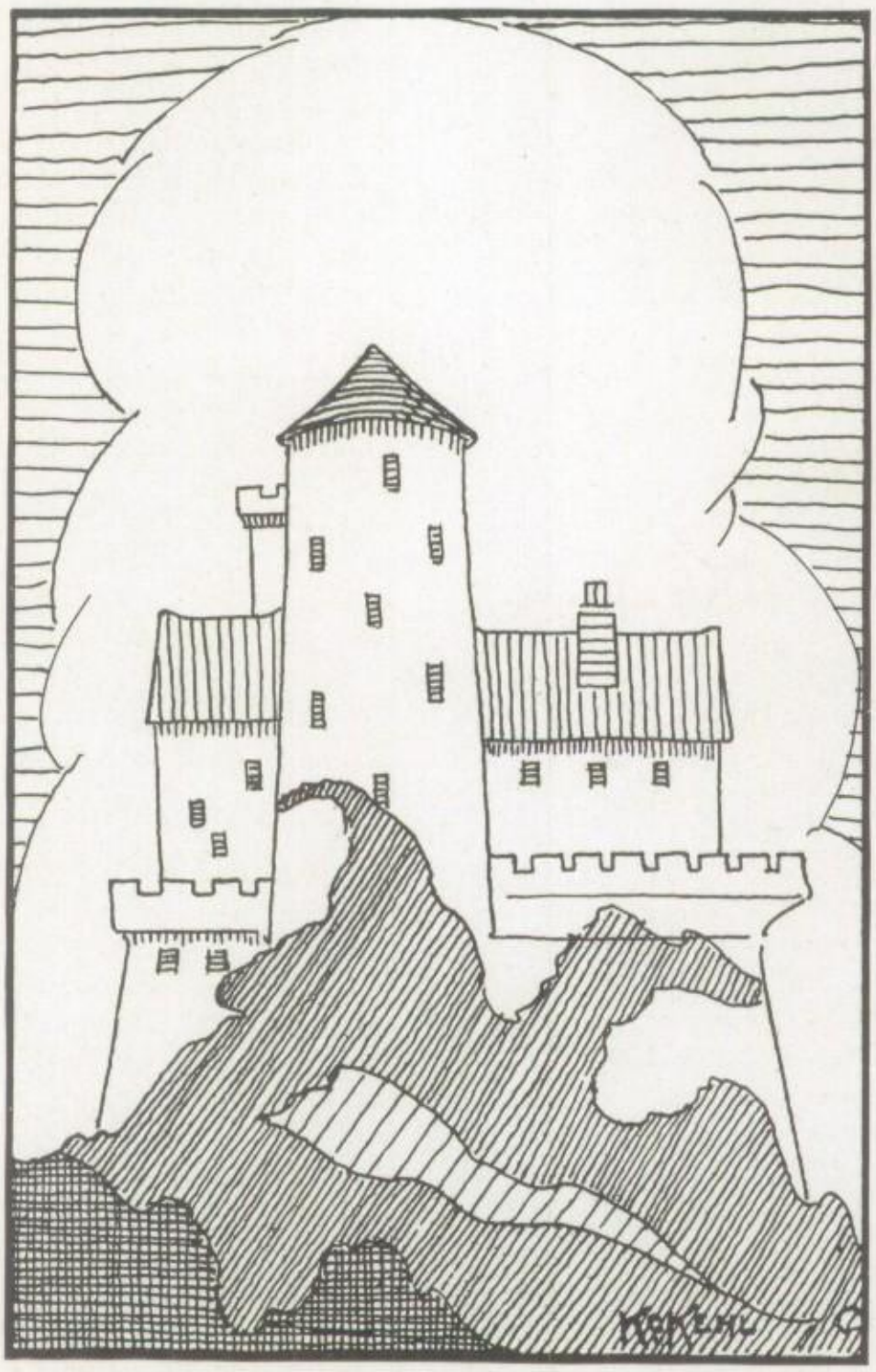


ARTHUR BARTHOLOMEW —*"Fat"*

"The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar."

ROBBINS FOSTER — *"Bob"*

If he had a knob on his feet like he has at the end of his neck, he'd be hanging in a gymnasium.



KIPLIKAWI

The Seniors Play

Tryouts for the famous play *Don't Chew Your Nails* by the author Donald Wadewitz are being held in the Good For Something Theatre. Director Floyd Sandelin is in charge. He speaks in quick brusk tones to the group gossiping idly in the left wing of the half-lit empty theatre.

SANDELIN: Let's start. The first chorus comes for the first act. (*Turning to the assistant director William Chadwick*). Start 'em in. Let's see how rotten they are.

(*Martha Hood, the orchestra leader, begins some wild gestures with a dumb-bell and finally succeeds in attracting the attention of Gildard Konz, the drummer, who is pounding gaily on the tom-tom, and smiling sweetly at Beatrix Buell, the ukelele player. Ruth Kristerius is sitting alone in a corner blowing her old favorite, "So Long Letty", on her saxophone. Ted Larson caters to Martha's frantic ejaculations in French by sliding his trombone straight into the face of the cornet player, Eleanor Sackrider. Rae Verby, the pianist, is calmly powdering her nose, thereby filling the air with dust. Martha finally persuades Harlan Snoke to play "Home Sweet Home" on his accordian with the aid of the Jazz whistle played with accompanying action by Katharine Feiker.*)

(*Director Sandelin starts a try-out for the chief dancer of the chorus.*)

(*Enter Helen Moore.*)

SANDELIN: Well, you're not so bad looking. Let's see how high you can kick.

HELEN: Oh, Sir!

SANDELIN: You're hopeless. Next!

(*Edith Kovar comes mincing in.*)

SANDELIN: Because of your radiant smile and graceful walk I need not try you out. You're hired. Now trot out with the rest. (*Enter the chorus girls, Helen Barta, Vivian Davies, Alice Jensen, Helen Greene, Margaret Brown, Marjorie Svoboda, and Ursula Bauman. They start their dance. When they are half through, Sandelin begins to tear his hair until he has a black pile at his feet.*) *Hey!*

(*The orchestra stops in lively discord and the girls on the stage immediately take up the latest gossip—the elopement of Wilbor Morgan and Jeanette Roskilly.*)

SANDELIN: (*To Chadwick.*) Waddya think this is? A barn-yard? This is a chorus try-out and they dance like a bunch of raisins. Take them away! Now the tryouts for Percy, the hero. (*Enter Frank Eichelberg, Orrin Loomis, Harold Newman, Carl Albright, David Buchta, and Wilbor Morgan.*)

CHADWICK, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: (*To contestants*) One at a time!

(*The aspirants fade into the wings, leaving Frank Eichelberg standing alone on the stage.*)

CHADWICK: Twirl your mustache and say, "How delightful!"

EICHELBERG: Haven't got one.

CHADWICK: What?

EICHELBERG: Moustache.

CHADWICK: Next!

HAROLD NEWMAN: (*He comes forward and is given the same order. He begins to gesticulate wildly some where in the direction of his nose and speaks in a weak voice hardly above a whisper.*) *How delightful.*

(*The rest, excepting Orrin, flee with looks of despondency on their faces.*)

SANDELIN (*To Orrin*) You look the part of Percy, the hero. You'll do.

((*Enter critics: Forest Leaf, Elizabeth Donner. Alice Engels, and Francis Buffham. They rest themselves at all angles at extreme right of stage.*)

DIRECTOR: (*To Chadwick.*) Now the heroine will be chosen mostly for looks. Send in the rest of your girls. (*To bevy of girls who come trooping in at left. Ruth Evans, Edna Gunther, Frances Allen, Jean Harvey, Eleanor Hindley, Ruth Bye, and Katharine Jones glide gracefully toward the footlights, smiling cordially at the critics.*) All of you line up; let me see what you look like.

(*Edna Gunther is in a long black sparkling evening gown, a huge red rose at her waist. Jean Harvey wears a jade green taffeta riding habit, Ruth Evans is in flame colored fairy dress, and Katharine*

Jones a Japanese Mandarin coat, and last of all Eleanor in a dazzling scarlet evening gown.)

SANDELIN: That's enough. I'll take the one in red. All right now. (*Calls off stage*) Fairies, line up and make it snappy.

(*Bertha Ott stumbles in, one hand on her hip and the other twisting a long chain of beads.*)

SANDELIN: Say, that's awful! Eugene Elkin can do it as well. Next! All march out, and try a little acting.

(*Marjorie Svoboda, Laura Kraus, Dorothy La Londe, Frances Corbett, Rose Mantell, Elizabeth Walker, and Ruth Tidyman toddle gracefully on to the stage.*)

SANDELIN: Hey, you with the jade earrings, act a little more dramatic. Use some pepper-raisins, I mean. Ah, that's the girl (*pointing to Elizabeth Walker*). You win the hand-painted flag pole. You're hired! All off but Lizzie. (*To Chadwick.*) Now let's see the vamps. I suppose they're a bunch of prunes.

(*Joseph Robotka, Roy Whitley, Carl Lange, Milton Lewis, and Emil Geyer prance around the stage in a circle, shrieking wildly.*)

SANDELIN: Hey! Who let you dubs in? I'll have to kill that doorkeeper, Henry Kark. He's always asleep and snoring. You aren't supposed to do a goose-step.

SANDELIN: (*To Joseph Robotka.*) Off the stage! You look too much like a park bench. (*To Carl Lange.*) You resembles a lamp-post at midnight. (*Emil Geyer and Milton Lewis flee from the stage in fear. This leaves Roy Whitley attired in a brownish tweed suit, cane, golf cap, and using a cigarette holder six inches long, standing in the middle of the stage.*)

SANDELIN: With that telephone post in your mouth, you could do anything. You'll do. (*He turns to Chadwick.*) Now show me the aspirants for the French Maid.

(*Ellen Roshar and Marjorie Asdahl appear in the wings but refuse to advance on the stage.*)

SANDELIN: Aw, come on, girlies! Don't be afraid. That's it. Let's see you curtsy and parley-vous a little for us. (*Pointing to Marjorie Asdahl*). You're dainty enough. Now let's hear your French.

MARJORIE ASDAHL: (*Timidly*) Oh, Sir, I can't speak French. You see I never was in France.

SANDLEIN: Humbug! (*Indicating Ellen Roshar.*) You talk for us.

ELLEN ROSHAR: (*Gesticulating wildly*) Mais oui, Monsieur, vous etes tres bien!

SANDELIN: Wonderful dramatic ability. Be here when we start practices. (*He turns to Chadwick.*) Well, we've had pretty good luck with the maids. We need a little kitchen help now.

(*The applicants for the part of the Swedish cook, Delta Sorensen and Lucille Schulte, stalk across the stage and stand with their hands firmly planted on their hips.*)

SANDELIN: (*To Lucille.*) Now, pretend I'm your employer and see if you can quit your job decently.

LUCILLE SCHULTE: (*With feeling.*) Oh, dear, I never could give notice. Whenever my mistress would start to weep, I'd always relent.

SANDELIN: You'd never do. (*Pointing to Delta Sorensen.*) Are you soft hearted too?

DELTA SORENSEN: I should say not; believe me, if anybody gets fresh with me, it goes hard with them.

SANDELIN: That's the right spirit! You're hired. (*To Chadwick.*) Well let's see. There's some more kitchen help in this play. The French chef. Throw 'em in!

(*Robbins Foster and Theodore Stewart glide in, each bearing a griddle.*)

SANDELIN: Ah, I see you are both well equipped for your jobs. Let's see you flip pan cakes. Every real chef has to be an accomplished flapper.

(*Both would-be chefs attempt flapping a rubber mat. Foster's falls to the floor with a thud; Stewart turns gracefully, balances it in the air for a moment, and returns it to the pan.*)

SANDELIN: Wonderful! An artist indeed. Even if you are a bone-head, you can flap pancakes. All right. (*To Chadwick.*) Call in the villains.

(*Harvard Carroll, Earl Fredrickson, Arthur Olson, and Wallace Johanning, rush in and stop abruptly, stumbling over each other in their frenzied efforts to find the heroine.*)

SANDELIN: Well, that might pass in the dark. Let's hear you say, "Foiled!"

(*All try to oblige the director, using their best facial exprcssions.*)

HARVARD CARROLL: (*With a depth of passionate feeling.*) "Foiled!"

SANDELIN: (*To Harvard.*) You're hired. All the rest of you'd better clear out. We're going to have something real now; no imitation about our ministers.

(*Kenneth Kehl comes in, walking slowly and with much dignity. He has his usual sanctimonious look on his face. Rufus King also arrives, dressed in a tweed suit and twirling a walking stick. Behind him walks David Buchta in a swallow tail coat and a high hat.*)

SANDELIN: Say, you, (*pointing to Rufus*) what do you think this is? Nobody'd ever let you tie their knot if you were dressed like that. Fade away, please, and you (*to Buchta,*) why you look like head lettuce. Now you (*indicating Kenneth Kehl*) seem to know what you're doing. Nothing superficial about you. You're hired.

(*Winfield Foster and Marvin Hintz are seen shifting scenery in the background, while Randolph Kreul diligently dusts one spot on a box with the expectation of being seated before going about his work.*)

SANDELIN: (*Wringing his hands in despair.*) For the love of mud, bring me in something decent now. I haven't got any more time to waste. I want some spinsters — real nice bony, old-fashioned girls.

(*Ruby Jorgensen, Grace Cahoon, and Lorraine Olle come stalking in, rolling their eyes.*)

SANDELIN: (*Registering approval.*) Fine! Any of you would do. Here I'll take you (*pointing to Lorraine Olle*). You don't seem to know what to do with your hands and feet. Here's hoping the applicants for the Policemen's chorus are as true to type. Where's that apple that wanted to be the leader?

(*Edmund Gilday comes in and jumps back and forth across the stage. He brandishes a huge magnifying glass and wears green spectacles. The critics suddenly awake because of the reflection of glass passing over their eyes.*)

CRITICS: A vivid characterization.

SANDELIN: Oh, all right. Have it your own way.

(*The rest of the policemen come rushing in, frantically searching under the rugs and the cushions, and behind pictures and wall-paper. They are Bernard Schulz, Lewis Payne, Walter Lindh, Leo Jensen, Bernhard Strand, Felix Boyak, and Gerald Nelson. As soon as they hear the voice of the director, they stand at attention.*)

SANDELIN: You're hired. Every one of you. It's a long time since anyone paid so much respect to me.

(*A racket is heard in the wings, and Robert Bane comes noisily in.*)

ROBERT: I call this an outrage, sir. Me — I mean — I — a loyal subject of his Majesty treated thus! I tell you, sir, your workmen ought to be discharged.

SANDELIN: (*Gesticulating weakly.*) Say, you're the deaf and dumb waiter. Anything to shut you up. Bachelors, you're next!

(*Roy Poulson advances to the center of the stage and strikes a manly attitude.*)

SANDELIN: Too good looking. You'd have been snapped up long ago. Next!

(*Wilmer Davis comes in timidly.*)

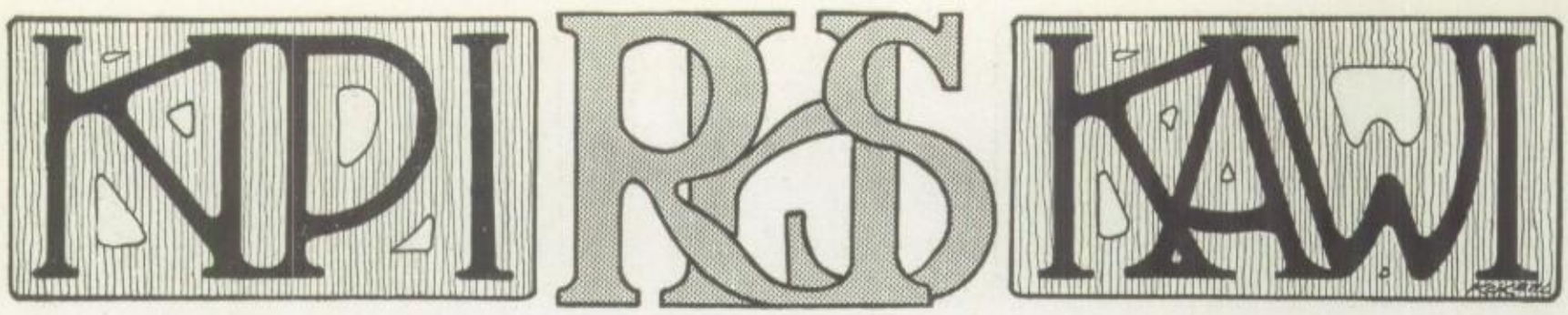
SANDELIN: No good. You're a fake. You've been married. Next!

(*Vincent Olle marches in, looking neither to the right nor to the left.*)

SANDELIN: Ah, here at last is the perfect bachelor. I have searched for such a type my whole life time. My work is repaid. Fortune has sent you to me! (*To Chadwick.*) Now the long-haired poets. Bring 'em out.

(*Jimmie Anderson and Colville Owen are escorted to the stage. They are cuffed and weeping.*)

SANDELIN: Who told you to cry? (*To Jimmie,*) Say, your hair's curly. Goodbye. (*To Owen,*) You're better than nothing, only stop crying. I won't hurt you. (*Owen bursts into another fit of tears*



and leaves the stage.) (*To Chadwick.*) Show in the flower girls now!

(*Luella Scherbel, Ruth Nelson, Florence Gaiser, Ruth Bye, and Vivian Davies trip in, throwing paper flowers at everyone.*)

SANDELIN: You look pretty good to me; can you sing?

(*Immediately a howl arises from the girls and Sandelin holds his ears.*)

SANDELIN: Enuff! (*Indicating Vivian Davies*) I'll take you. The rest of you beat it. Now we're coming to something decent. (*Calling off stage,*) Bring in the lawyers. (*Dick Smith, Marvin Shovers, Bert Ellis, and Wiley Johnson come out, each bearing a huge roll of formidable looking documents.*)

SANDELIN: Now bow and say, "Your honor and gentlemen of the jury."

SHOVERS: Your honor and yentlemen of da youry!

SANDELIN: Fade away. This is no comedy. Next! (*Bert Ellis bows far — too far, in fact; but forgets the words.*)

SANDELIN: Next!

WILEY JOHNSON: I'd rather say, "Ladies of the jury."

SANDELIN: Who are you talking to? Next!

DICK SMITH: Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I've come before you to-day to plead the cause of a fair maiden.

SANDELIN: You're good. Sob stuff. Hired! (*To Chadwick.*) Show in the book agents. We want a snappy line of talk now.

(*Verna Sommers, Alice Moore, Helen Homan, and Frances Allen walk sedately in, Frances trailing at the end.*)

SANDELIN: I want some business-like looking lady with a pleasant smile and a charming personality. Let me see you address a school principal to whom you wish to sell a revised edition of *Woolley*.

FRANCES ALLEN: Sir, here I have a remarkable hand-book — of — (*She giggles.*)

SANDELIN: That's enough. I want a pleasant smile. Next!

HELEN HOMAN: Oh my dear sir—you—

SANDELIN: I want a business-like lady. You (*pointing to Alice Moore*) look too frivolous. Next! (*Verna Sommers assumes one of her usual nonchalant expressions.*) You have a nose for business. Hired! (*sighing reminiscently.*) Ah, now we want to see the children. The dear carefree lads and lassies; how I wish I were a school boy once again!

(*Harriet Dawson, Orvin Klema, Herb Falkenrath, Esther Hau, Edith Peterson, and Ted Merriman romp in boisterously, gather around the director and beg him to play "Ring Around the Rosy" with them.*)

SANDELIN: (*Sternly.*) Children, you do not seem to realize the tremendous importance of this. (*The children fall back into the wings.*) Come, now, sing a song for me. Nothing is so pleasing as a chorus of children's lusty voices.

TED MERRIMAN: Please, mister, we don't know nothing.

SANDELIN: Well, then, I want you to make a hop skotch and see how gracefully you can hop. (*The children immediately draw a huge square on the stage and proceed to play. No one succeeds in hopping farther than the first square.*)

SANDELIN: (*Losing patience,*) Come, now, children, what can you do?

CHILDREN: (*In unison.*) We — can — eat!

SANDELIN: That certainly is a novel accomplishment. Well, I guess you'll do. Call in the school teachers now. (*Ruth Kristerius, Mary Margaret Griffith, and Eleanor Burgess come tripping in.*) Humph! I wonder what kind of teachers you would make. You (*indicating Mary Margaret*)—do you believe in supervised study?

MARY MARGARET: (*Airily*) Dear me, I really don't know.

SANDELIN: (*Looking fixedly at Eleanor*) What's your idea on the subject?

ELEANOR: I will have nothing to do with it.

SANDELIN: (*Pointing to Ruth,*) Well, what do you think?

RUTH: (*Rapturously.*) Oh, my dear sir, of course I believe in supervised study. It affords such a wonderful opportunity for helping the children by

bringing them under the influence of one's own personality.

SANDELIN: That's enough. The rest of you clear out. That will be all for now. I wish to speak to everyone who has been assigned a part. (*To the by-standers, impatiently,*) What are you standing there for? Ornaments? Hurry up! (*All the cast assemble on the stage and give attention.*) (*Continuing,*) As you all know, this play, by our renowned playwright, Wadewitz, was chosen in preference to many others. *The Stolen Woodpile* by Winfield Foster and *The Lost Cord* by Arthur Olson were both rejected. Therefore, we must make this play a masterpiece. In order to do this, we must have to co-operation of every character. (*Showers of "Yea's" and "Righto's" from the cast.*) Now that we have secured the best of talent procurable, we are sure of success and — What's the matter? Turn on the gas — I can't talk in the dark!

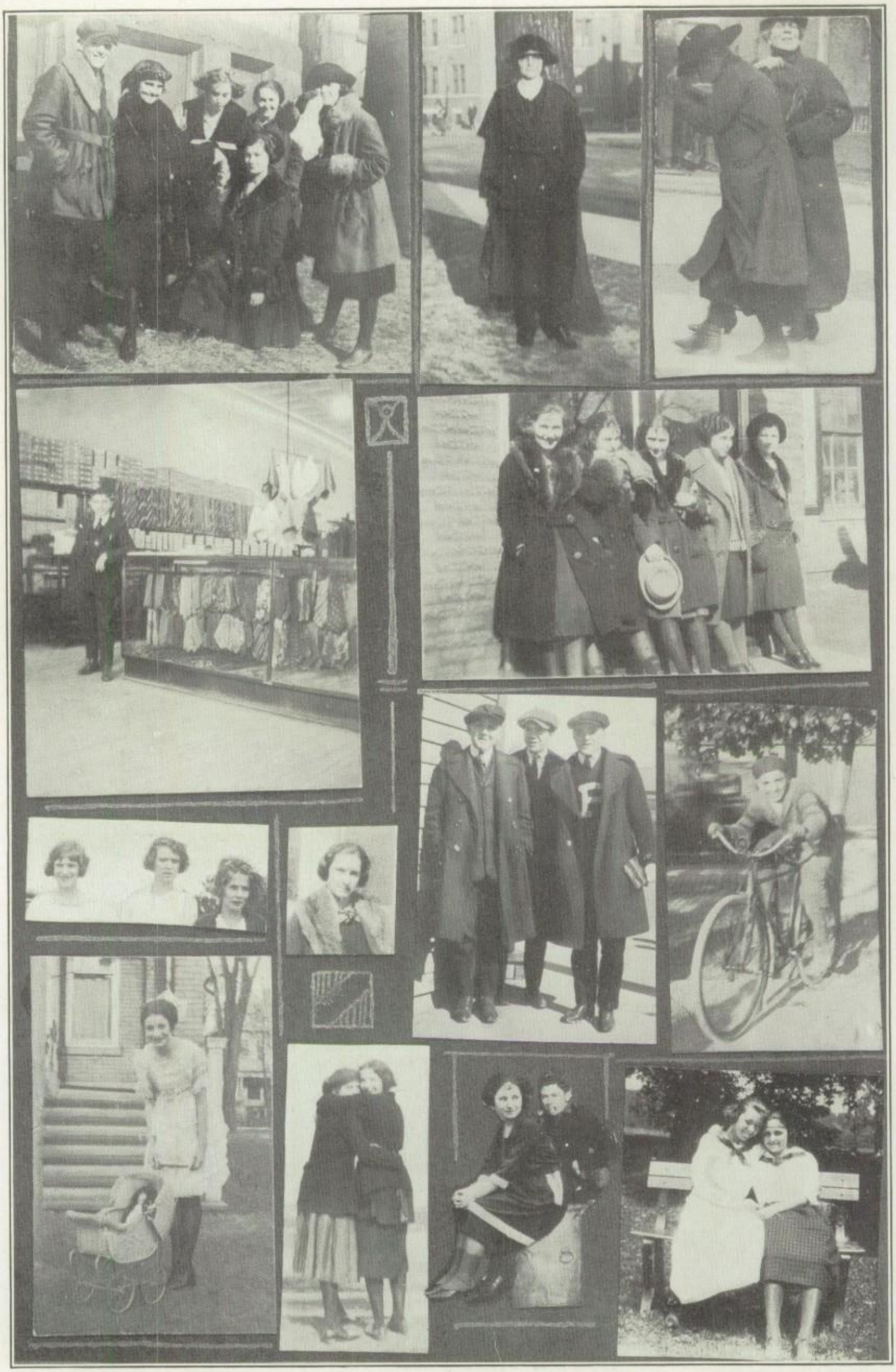
(*Giggles from the stage and then the voice of the electrician, James Libaris, comes from the rear.*)

LIBARIS: The wire's broke.

SANDELIN: Fix it.

LIBARIS: Can't!

SANDELIN: All right then. I'll finish my speech at the next rehearsal. Everyone be on time!



JUNIOR

KIPLIRS KAWI

Junior Class Officers

President	Vice-President	Secretary	Treasurer
Kenford Nelson	Elizabeth Bacon	John Higgins	Pearl Wichern

Motto: *"Not how much but how well".*
Flowers: *Lily of the Valley*
Colors: *Blue and Silver*

Junior Slams

ADAMSKE, CLARA
Speak up, Clara; it really doesn't hurt to talk.

ADAMSON, FRED
Children should be seen and not hurt.

AHLGRIM, ROWLEY
Join the Y. W.

AKERLUND, HAROLD
An egg is only hard until it's cracked.

ANDERSON, DOROTHY
Do gigglers have the same type of mind as do those with the loud laugh?

ANDERSON, DOROTHY J.
Does he buy the paper?

ARNDT, EDITH
"Get thee behind me, Satan;" and he pushed her in.

ASDAHL, RICHARD
Some know him; others study.

BACON, ELIZABETH
Seven o'clock, Betty; go to bed.

BAGGOT, JAMES
They say wood burns.

BALTES, RUTH
She's popular; ask her.

BARRET, RELL
Of what are you afraid, my child?

BATES, HELEN
"I'm just dying to meet him."

BAUMANN, GEORGE
Someone put a brick on his head and forgot to take it off.

BECK, LAWRENCE
Silence and common sense make a man.

BEECHER, EDMUND
Isn't he the little lady-killer though?

BERTELSON, RUTH
We saw some students trying to feel the halo round her head.

BIDWELL, CLIVE
He's hard all right.

BOVEE, HOPE
There is no hope for her.

BROSE, JACK
Have you a little fairy in your home?

BEVRY, DOROTHY
If Shakespeare's vocabulary was 15,000 words, what's the vocabulary of a woman?

BLISS, ROBERT
Doesn't he think he's cute?

BREDAHL, ROSE
Why not impress your personality upon your class mates?

BUNCE, FRANK
His father didn't say, "Dickens;" he said, "Bunk!"

CAPE, MILO
Capes are the style again this year.

CHRISTENSON, CLARENCE
He doesn't seem to know anything.

CARLSON, WALTER
Is he bright or dull?

CHRISTENSON, DAGMAR
Now we will name all the wild animals, starting with Dagmar Christenson.

CHRISTENSON, EINER
I bane going to take Olle out tonight.

COLLIER, JANE
"Ma, where is that 'Get-thin-to. music' record?"

COOKE, LAURA
Quit yer blushin!

COOKE, MARCELLA
Another one of those people whose hangout is Room 2.

CORMACK, GEORGE
He tries to be great, but he could be greater.

CRAWFORD, FRANCES
Rather reserved, don't you think?

CROCKETT, ELLEN
A symphony in white.

CUSHMAN, STEPHEN
That cute bow-legged little boy.

DAVIES, JANET
Oh zee wicked eyes!

DAVIS, DOROTHY
Someone's been stuffing me.

DEANE, MABEL
Talk less, think more. Impossible!

DESMIDT ,RUTH
I wish they would make these doors a little higher.

DIETER, FRANK
Frankie is a good boy,
We know it very well,
But when the girlies speak to him,
He blushes red as — ahem — oh, well.

DIETRICH, JOSEPHINE
Woman was made before looking glasses; we find her before them yet.

ELLIS, REBECCA
Her clothes aren't really coming off; it just looks that way.

EVANS, EDWARD
He *thinks* he is awfully clever.

FAIR, MILDRED
"A busier girl nowhere there was,
And yet she seemed busier than she was."

FEDDERSON, BERNHARD
Here is another example that hair grows on granite.

FIELD, CAROLYN
Let's play old maid.

FORD, JAMES
He's gone back to China with the rest of the Chinamen.

FOSTER, FRED
Here's your Kiddie Kar, Freddie; now go and play.

FRANCIS, EVELYN
She keeps her foot on the soft pedal.

FRANK, RALPH
One would think he was both Ralph and Frank for his height.

FRECHETTE, BERNADETTE
When Adam named the animals, some woman must have sidled up and offered to help.

FREDERICKS, JEANETTE
Someone has said that a girl is the incarnation of perversity—but Jeanette?

FUCILLA, ROSE
She will never grow up.

GENZLER, MARJORIE
A solid is that which has length, width, and thickness.

GERE, MILTON
Rather hopeless.

GERTENBACK, DORIS
Kin ya beat it?

GOLD, WILLIAM
"My mind is a memorandum."
"Oh, I see; sort of a blank book."

GOVIN, GORDIN
A man who speaks his mind often gains enemies.

GRIESMER, ARNOLD
Home growing wits are happiest, even if they don't grow very fast.

GRUHN, MELVIN
He swims like a rock.

GUY, MARGARET
She's got as much spirits as a rich man's cellar.

HALL, MARION
Boys, she can fit into a very small corner.

HAND, TRAVERS
Oh, what shall I do? I'm wholly upset; I'm sure I'll be jailed for a lunatic yet.

HANSON, ANNA
If looks were money, she'd be in the poor house.

HANSON, EVELYN
One must needs do something startling to preserve identity with such a name.

HANSON, FRANCES
Her talents are on strings — her brains on hooks.

HANSON, GLEN
If his brains were as big as his stature, he might amount to something.

HANSON, JOHN
His head's in the clouds.

HARDY, GERALD
He'll be a professor if he stretches his neck far enough towards his neighbor's paper.

HARGETT, MARY
Pull your shades down, Mary Ann.

HARVEY, Thomas
We wonder if Harvey Springs can withstand him.

HASSEL, MYRTLE
Her mouth works faster than we thought any brain could.

HAUMERSON, MILTON
He shows a refinement of delicate restraint rarely seen nowadays.

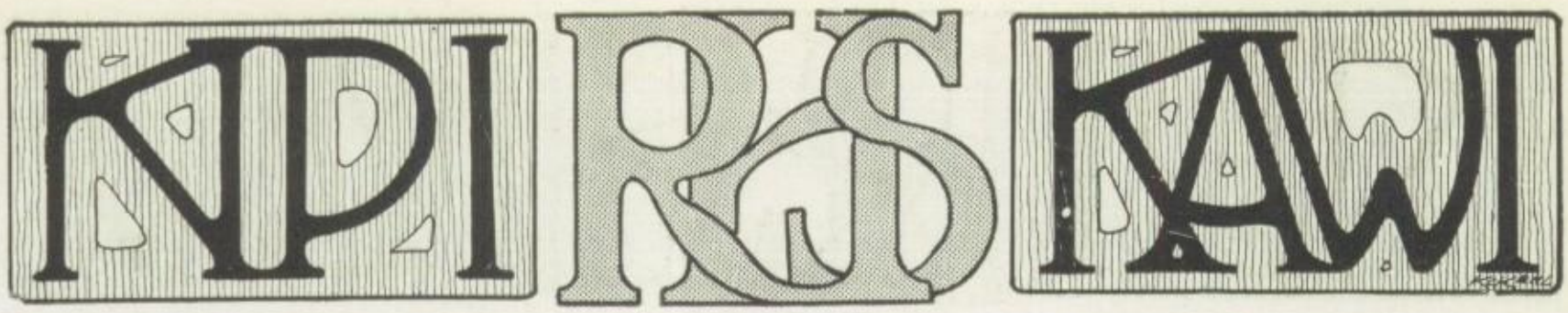
HEIN, ANNA
A strict Puritan?

HERMES, ED
I'm a darn fool — Given.

HELLAND INGEBORD
Robust, buxom, and rosy?

HERZOG,NORMA
Always let the woman have the last word; but be sure it's a question.

HIGGINS, JOHN
Irish, heavy, handsome, foolish, and *single*.



HILKER, CARLTON
Lots of people couldn't tell his clarinet playing from the real thing.

HILKER, JAMES
Men are like corks — Some pop out, and others have to be drawn out.

HOERNEL, BERNARD
Fluent ejector of slang.

HOLM, ASTRID
Home, Sweet Home.

HUBER, ESTHER
A girl's weapon is sarcasm, — the first state of spiritual warmth.

HULETT, NODEANE
O, reddest of the rural maids.

HUMBLE, SIDNEY
Nothing small about me.

HUMPHREYS, MARGARET
Oh, well, you know how women are.

INGELSE, LOLA
Cold as a university co-ed, except when the moon shines.

IVERSON, GORDON
He's everything a fond mother might wish her daughter to be.

JAMES, ESTELLE
The sea has its pearls and also its oysters.

JENSEN, AJA
She's that cute (?) little Danscha. Resker du mig?

JENSEN, REUBEN
One who is master of everyone but himself, and that *seldom*.

JOHANSON, HENRY
I was built on the strictest economy plan.

JOHANNES, HAROLD
Forget yourself, Harold.

JENSEN, RUTH
Her mouth is also athletic.

JOHNSON, ALBERT
Being good is an awfully lonesome job.

JOHNSON, CHARLES
Female help wanted.

JOHNSON, CLARENCE
"One would never know I'm from the country." No? Is that so?

JOHNSON, LESLIE
We used to wonder why the girls liked him, but we found out he has a car.

JOHNSON, VERNA
I pay no attention to me; that's why I'm so popular.

JENSEN, EDNA
You must be color-blind, Edna — it isn't brown, its red.

JONES, BYRON
We don't think he'll catch cold very easily.

JONES, EULA
"Oh, I'm the war-lords' maid."

JONES, MARGARET
Well, anyway, no one can say that Margaret uses rouge.

JORGENSON, MELVIN
"Mary Jane."

KAPPEL, ALICE
Some people were born graceful, others were not.

KAUFMAN, VICTOR
In just what respects is he the Victor his parents expected him to be?

KELLER, MYRTLE
I can't look sad with a cold in my nose, but I'll try my best.

KENNEDY, BYRDE
What kind of a chicken is this Byrde?

KESSER, CHARLES
That's not a command, just a suggestion.

KLEMA, FRANK
Why should I keep awake when I can sleep?

KLINE, LEE
By Cricky; she's some gal. I bring her to the library in my Ford.

KLOPFER, ANNA
By her name, we should judge she wears golashes.

KNUDSEN, PERCY
Why do they think I hail from the country?

KOENIG, IRVIN
The more a man rests, the more he rusts.

KOLINSKI, WILLIAM
He looks safe, but he's got a hot temper.

KOLTHOFF, AMMA
Some folks call her "Amma Egg."

KONNAK, HAROLD
Are you hungry? Take a bite out of your Adam's apple.

KONSINOWSKI, VALENTINE
Phosphorescent!

KRIVSKY, ROSE
That giggling rural maid.

KVIATKOFSKY, ROBERT
Words are like bricks — not to be stumbled over in a hurry.

LANGE, EDEL
I want to be an old maid.

LANGE, JOHN
His brains are developing; notice the bump of knowledge on the end of his nose.

LARGE, EDITH
Her name is Large; she lives in a large house; but is she large?

LARSON, OLIVE
Is Olive green or ripe?

LASSEN, NORMAN
He walks like he looks — funny.

LAU, FRANCES
Frances has been looking for her feet.

LAUBER, HELEN
Is she trying to catch a man or pneumonia?

LEHMAN, ALVIN
Ichabod Crane had nothing on him.

LEISER, LESTER
Our prima donna.

LOEPER, RUTH
Is she a vision or a sight?

LOUGHEAD, GREY
They call him "Pinhead," but he doesn't think so.

LONGO, LEROY
His wits are not so long as his name.

LOOMIS, WALLACE
He isn't as good on a platform as he is on the floor.

LUBOVITSKI, DAVID
He thinks the world is Mars and that he's the war lord.

LUCHT, HAROLD
He's in luck; his brains aren't protrusive.

LYNES, GEORGE
George comes to school every other Wednesday.

MAXWELL, BRUCE
Did Bruce speak?!!

MACDOWELL, HELEN
Beauty is skin deep; but Helen's beauty is deeper.

MCELROY, JESSIE
Oh, those eyes,
Oh, those nose.

MICKELSON, FRANCES
She *looks* beautiful.

MICHNA, EARL
MICHNA, ERWIN
} Who's who, and why?

MIKULECKY, GRAEME
A dashing young lad from the country.

MILLER, BENJAMIN
Is he a *Junior?*

MILLER, EVAN
Egotism turned wrong side out.

MILLER, GAYLE
She's got a form like an hour glass.

MILLER, WILLIAM
He's one of those fishes called pool sharks.

MOERS, ALICE
A lady of uncertain age and quiet as a church mouse.

MOGENSON, ESTELLE
Is she an ostrich or a giraffe?

MOGENSON, VIGGO
Ve go where?

MOORADIAN, EARL
We'll guarantee him a position in a lumber camp.

MORAWETZ, RAYMOND
"It may be so — perhaps thou hast
A warm and loving heart.
I will not blame thee for thy face,
Poor devil as thou art."

MORGAN, GLADYS
Shoots a wink with most uncertain aim.

MULLER, LOUIS
Don't get so devilish, Louis. Papa use the shingle.

MURPHY, JEAN
She has a capacity for evading hard work.

MYERS, CHARLES
Any relation to the Myers brothers of 1921? If so, 'nuff said.

NALEID, LESTER
He's a devil of a printer.

NALEID, MARJORIE
She wants to know if Harold Lloyd is Cello Lloyd's brother.

NELSON, FERN
Hail the woman's party!

NELSON, KENFORD
She sat on my lap, nor did I object, —
For she was a stanch Bolshevik.

NELSON, LILLIAN
Can't you see her in a picture with a sunbonnet and a cow?

NELSON, MAMIE
She might make a good vice-president; she's so seldom heard.

NELSON, MARION
Why don't you speak for yourself, Felix?

NELSON, MONRAD
A man who flatters himself that he is educated.

NELSON, VALDEMAR
Not a chip off the old block — the old block itself.

NIELSON, PALMER
Palmer's handwriting? No, Palmer's hand holding.

NEINSTEDT, EVELYN
Yo ho and a bottle of perfume.

OLSON, LEROY
An unobstrusive lad.

OTTO, GEORGE
George Otto, but he doesn't.

OVERDIER, EDGAR
A man who knows more about you than you do yourself.

PARKER, ALICE
Worry less — work more!

PAUL, RUTH
Ruth, the street car is no place for flirting.

POULSON, HJORDIS
It's as hard to slam her as to pronounce her name.

PAUR, ELSA
Wood burns, does it not?

PETERSON, HELEN
The boys know her for her quick speech and quicker retort.

PETERSON, FRANCES
Does she like the xylophone or the Xylophonist?

PETERSON, ROY
A person of neither sex, who yet combines the bad qualities of both.

PEZANOWSKI, MITCHELUS
It speaks for itself.

PIE, EMMA
In other words, "I'm a pie!"

PORTER, HELEN
A name to conjure with.

POULSON, EARL
Reveille.

POULSEN, ESTHER
A surprise package.

POULSEN, VIOLA
Truth and woman's word are at opposite ends of the pole.

PRESTON, REBECCA
Girls also get on fire.

PROTEXTOR, EARL
Now, boys, quit hurting me.

PUERNER, MARGUERITE
Travers Hand's opposite.

QUALHEIM, ROBERT
Let's buy Robert a brush and comb.

QUINN, GEORGE
One never hears from him but he'll rise in life if not in height.

RIBECK, IRENE
The age of innocence?!!

RICE, HAROLD
Strictly fresh.

RICHTER, JOE
Now we believe in Darwin's theory of evolution.

ROCQUE, CELINEZE
If she expected a proposal, she'd inquire as to the date.

ROLFSON, RUTH
Why do such big girls have such meek voices?

RORK, LACELLE
A masculine name; neuter habits; feminine voice?

ROSSMILLER, BESSIE
Here comes the good ship *Titanic*.

ROTH, RANDALL
Our soda fountain shark.

ROTHENMAIER, GLENWAY
He studies politics, English and girls.

SCHEIBLE, CARL
A school girl giggle.

SCHROEDER, IRVING
Oh, did your mother know that you were out!

SCHULTE, LORETTA
No, not fat — just plump.

SCHULZ, LEONA
The Eiffel Tower.

SEATER, GORDON
A blushing Romeo.

SEWELL, LORRAINE
She may become the greatest female diarist.

SEYMOUR, EARL
He's a gentle-faced lad.

SHUTTER, LEON
Tom Sawyer had nothing on Leon.

SIGLER, LEROY
Just another troublesome bonfire.

SCHELLER, FLORENCE
"I hold a letter in my hand, —
A flattering letter — more's the pity."

SKOW, AGNES
SKOW, MARGARET
Both boys and boats tow the Skows.

SMALE, RICHARD
He stays home nights and reads "Pilgrim's Progress."

SMERCHECK, ELSIE
A study of gloomy psychology.

SMIEDING, HENRY
A man who doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to him.

SMIEDING, VIRGINIA
We wonder how it seems to be perfect.

SMILEY, ROLAND
If as many girls were crazy about him as he thinks, he'd run the Sultan of Turkey out of business.

SMITH, COLLEEN
She keeps good time with her knees.

SMITH, GRACE
And now we see how you have turned your virtues into vices.

SMITH, VICTOR
Nobody on the slam committee knew him because there were so few girls on the staff.

SOENS, GERTRUDE
Don't worry; women hold the power, but men hold the women.

SORENSON, ERMA
Here comes the high school perfumery.

SORENSON, ESTHER
She's a modest, insignificant little bug.

SORENSON, LILLIAN
God made the world and rested;
God made man and rested;
Then God made woman; —
Since then, neither God nor man has rested.

STELLBERG, CARL
Carl breaks a shoe lace — "Oh dear! Oh, my goodness! Oh, my!"

STROUF, MARION
Webster says your name means "bitter" but the boys know better.

STUEBE, EDWIN
"Yet you must be a harmless soul;
I cannot think that Sin
Would care to throw his loaded dice,
With such a stake to win."

SVEC, ROSE
A rose, indeed, for no man's land.

TEAL, BEAUFORD
"I cannot think you would provoke
The poet's wicked pen,
Or make young women bite their lips,
Or ruin fine young men."

THARINGER, MARGARET
Margaret, don't waver when you walk.

THOMAS, DOROTHEA
One of the reasons mothers use *Hickory garters* for children.

THOMPSON, CECILLE
She speaks quietly — she must be used to conversing at night.

THORSON, CARL
Oh, what a maidenly blush!!!

TIDYMAN, MELVIN
Now, brother, don't try to play the whole game.

TIPLADY, VIOLET
A bush has its roses as well as its thorns.

TREVALIO, HERMAN
Oh, why art thou so — Oh, what shall I say?????

TRUMBULL, JOHN
He's bashful, but he winks a wicked eye.

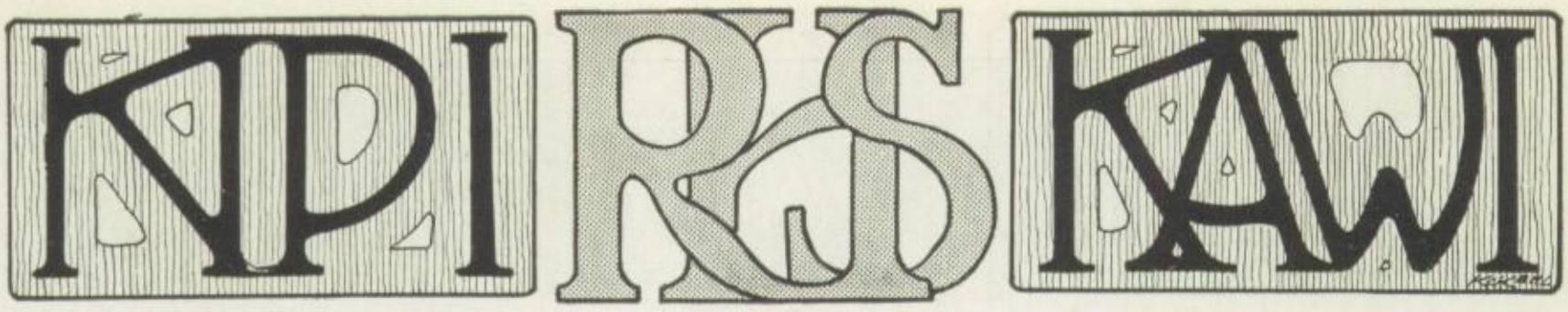
TURNER, HARRY
The answer to a maiden's prayer.

ULRICH, LULA
Sounds like her.

VALLEY, CHARLES
We wish his voice could be stationary.

VALLEY, HERBERT
Oh, hang those telephone girls; you can reach me by wireless, dear.

VANCE, HENRY
Is he bashful? No, he only acts that way.



VAN ORNUM, CHARLES
Oh, he's so harmless.

VERHEYEN, MILTON
Oh, what adorable dimples he has.

VOSS, PEARL
We wonder why he happened to pick her out.

WALATA, SOPHIE
Oh, where are those wandering eyebrows, to-night?

WALKER, ROBERT
He stopped growing early to give his brains a chance.

WALLACE, SPENCER
We wonder if he'll marry a farmer's daughter.

WALTER, EDNA
A woman's crowning glory is her hair —(so be it with Edna.)

WEBSTER, RHODA
Helen of Troy, the second.

WEISS, MABEL
If she were popular, she'd be perfect.

WHEELER, DUDLEY
He actually comes to school dressed up now.

WHEELER, VIRGIL
He'd be homesick in heaven.

WHERRY, MARGARET
"Wherry — whew?"

WICHERN, PEARL
They say smoking stunts one's growth.

WIEGAND, SOPHIE
We suppose her dad will have to furnish the ring.

WILKINSON, ALBERT
He ought to be in use as a telephone pole.

WILLIAMS, JUELMA
She just loves fattening things.

WILLIAMS, MILLARD
The blooming boy.

WILLIAMSON, GEORGE
Andy Gump himself.

WILSON, HELENE
There's nothing we couldn't slam her about.

WOOD, CHESTER
Would Chester?

WORTHINGTON, FRANK
Farmer Frank's worth a ton — of what we're undecided.

WRATTEN, WENDELL
He wears a clean collar and smokes a cigarette; that's how we know he's the villain.

WUERZBERGER, LUELLA
She tries to be pretty, but the truth will out.

YOPP, GRETCHEN
It might come natural for her to say "Yup" instead "Yes".

YORK, VIOLA
She's not as bored as she looks.

ZELLMAN, ROBERT
"To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven."

ZIMMERMAN, CATHERINE
And then the band plays.

SOPHOMORES.

KIPLIRSKAWI

Sophomore Class Officers

PRESIDENT
WILLIAM BROWN

VICE PRESIDENT
RICHARD SORENSON

SECRETARY
JANICE COOK

TREASURER
JEANETTE LEWIS

MOTTO: *Forward*
FLOWER: *Violet*
COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

Sophomore Register

Abrahamson, William
Adelman, Lillian
Aroks, Helen
Anderson, Emma
Arvidson, Mae
Anderson, Jennie
Antle, Maurice
Aycock, Marie
Armstrong, Evelyn
Antle, Carl
Amundson, Alice

Brill, Harold
Bollom, Frank
Burdick, Bert
Bartel, Della
Breckenfeld, Irving
Beck, Herbert
Bidstrup, Hedvig
Buckley, Eileen
Bohn, Raymond
Biehn, Hazel
Burroughs, Margaret
Brown, William
Botsford, Helen
Bowers, Mary
Blanchard, Wilbert
Borgenson, Eleanor
Barnes, Gene
Broughton, George
Brauer, Lydia
Beaugrand, Eugene
Beck, Elmer
Brodkorb, Hattie
Bradley, Gilbert
Bonady, Peter
Bezucha, Helen
Benson, Hazel
Barrett, Marion

Christensen, Martin
Christensen, Agnes
Caskey, Clyde
Christiansen, Helen
Christensen, Ruth M.
Cook, Janice
Clausen, Theodore
Christiansen, Margaret
Christiansen, Oswald
Case, Clint
Christman, Eugene
Cline, Gladys
Corlew, Marjorie
Costello, Kathryn
Christensen, John
Christman, Eugenia
Christoffel, Blanche
Cushman, Charles
Christensen, Dagmar
Crouch, Otto
Conner, Harvey
Clausen, Clarence
Christianson, Roy
Christensen, Meta
Christensen, Margaret
Campbell, Kenneth

Davidson, William
Driver, Margareita
Driver, Marjorie
Donner, Emil
Doyle, Mary
DeMark, Louis
Davidson, Leah
Drinkwater, Irene
Driver, Jessie

Emick, Walter
Eggert, Gladys
Eaton, Charles
Eseman, Dorothy
Foster, William
Foley, Winifred
French, Dorothy
Fischer, Florence
Forkel, Fred
Fancher, Frances
Friss, Arthur

Freeman, Violet
Fuller, Ida
Friedericks, Gladys
Fox, Alice
Fornary, Jimmie
Fleishman, Morris
Field, Alice
Fagan, Josephine
Giefer, Lunetta
Gillotte, Michael
Guzikiewicz, Walter
Greb, Lawrence
Gregory, Lenore
Genz, Leslie
Gunther, Elsie
Gilday, Kathryn
Gillotte, Anthony
Gevers, Martha
Griffith, Martha
Gruber, Emma
Giortz, Grace
George, Hazel
Gray, Jane
Gundlach, Herman
Greider, Helen
Gregory, Ione
Gluch, Pauline
Gilday, Alice
Gerber, Sehlus
George, Viola

Hansen, Geraldine
Hebblethwaite, Anna
Helding, Lehlah
Holz, Erra
Hargett, Audree
Hanson, Floyd
Hanson, Raymond
Holz, Harriette
Heck, Alice
Hansen, Florence
Harris, Gordon
Hansen, Roy
Hansen, Arnold
Holt, Robert
Hess, Frank
Heidenreich, William
Hebert, Roland
Haub, James
Hermansen, Eugene
Henningsen, Evald
Hein, Elizabeth
Higgie, Lincoln
Hughes, George
Herms, Katherine
Hansen, Alfred

Hansen, Walter
Holmen, Helene
Hansen, Axel
Hager, Catherine
Hoops, Calvin
Humble, Lawrence
Hlavka, Sophie
Hoffman, William
Hogan, Muriel
Holzman, Jeanette
Homan, Walter
Hanson, Gertrude
Hansen, Harold
Hansen, Helen
Hardy, Louis
Hartl, Vernon
Harvey, Jack
Hassall, Dorothy
Hawkins, Carolyn
Hensley, Eugene
Hilker, Gladys
Halamka, Henry

Jensen, Lucile
Jacobsen, Einer,
Jacobson, Loyal
Jensen, Dagmar
Jense, Florence
Johnson, Nels
Jorgenson, Herbert
Jorgenson, Waldo
Jorgenson, Lyle
Jorgenson, Lillie
Jorgenson, Florence
Jorgenson, Chester
Jones, Arthur
Johnson, Jeannette
Johanson, Gladys
Jacobsen, Agnita
Johnson, Erling
Jones, Robert
Jansta, Jerry
Jensen, Carl
Jameson, Ursula
James, Marion
Johannes, Kenneth
Jensen, Frederick
Johnson, Oswald
Johnson, Burt
Johnson, John
Jensen, Arthur
Jacobsen, Orville
Jacobson, William

Jensen, Martha
Jensen, Ella
Jensen, Elith
Jensen, Agnes
Jacobsen, Thelma

Kimpel, Eleanor
Kaiser, Ella
Kurkowsky, Genevieve
Kolinski, John
Karst, Grace
Korzilius, Philip
Klopfer, Carl
Knudson, Phyllis
Kapaun, Reynold
Kerr, Margaret
Kasper, John
Kidder, Arthur
Kochanski, Mason
Karlisky, Celia
Kaminsky, Rose
Kussman, Delwin
Kuchenbach, Ethel
Klema, Eleanor
Klaus, William
Karlitsky, Abraham
Kearney, Lawrence

Larsen, James
Larsen, Alvin
Lange, Oscar
Larsen, Alfred
Lamack, Harry
Lewis, Jeanette
Larson, Arleen
Levandowski, Stephen
Lange, Henry
Lipp, Edmund
Liedich, George
Lynes, Mary
Lochowitz, Severina
Lehtiner, Leo
Larsen, Henrietta
Lamack, Lester
Leipold, Arthur
Lund, Henry
Levine, Nathan
Lehmann, Edward
Lange, Johannes
Lameer, Opal

Mertins, Mildred
Makovsky, Mildred

Malmquist, Anna
Mertens, Joseph
Mehder, Clyde
Madorey, Katherine
Murphy, Marie
Mangnus, Louis
Meyer, Ralph
Mann, Janice
Mortenson, Ernestine
Miller, Albert
Madsen, Alma
Mastain, Clarence
Miller, Evelyn
Meier, Ruth
Matson, Ellen
Marthenke, Harold
Madsen, Margaret

Neilson, Clara
Nelson, Jeannette M.
Nielson, Henry
Nelson, Gordon
Nelson, Kathryn
Nielson, Hugo
Nelson, Carl
Nehoda, Evelyn
Nelson, Eva
Nelson, Helen
Niesen, William
Norgard, Myrtle
Nelson, Jeannette I.

Ontko, Harry
Olson, John
O'Brien, Marshall
Osman, Louis
Osborne, McLain
Owens, Margaret
Olson, Evelyn
Olson, Frances
Osborne, Marion
Olson, Grace
Olson, Clifford

Paulson, Alice
Popelka, Mildred
Peterson, Lydia
Peterson, Margarete
Parkhouse, Edward
Patterson, Dorothy
Pansch, Harold
Paddock, Eloise
Peterson, Mildred

Poratunsky, Carolyn
Pirk, Herman
Peterson, Mabel
Pottinger, Hester
Peterson, Grace
Poratunsky, James
Potman, Joseph
Porter, Grace
Peterson, Norman
Peterson, Gladys
Paur, Evelyn
Paul, Elizabeth

Ruston, Robert
Rush, Irene
Rowley, Joseph
Roshar, Esther
Richter, Erving
Rhodes, Beulah
Rekewitz, Ella
Rasmussen, Carl
Raffone, Margaret
Renner, Lucile
Rasmussen, Dorothy
Ruffalo, Nellie
Renak, Lydia
Robinson, Raymond
Rasmussen, Mildred
Rodgers, Jeanette
Rasmussen, Alma
Race, Dorothy
Rasmussen, Myrtle
Ruger, George
Rasmussen, Ebba

Snyder, Josephine
Smith, Hiram

Scharding, Edward
Scheckler, Pearl
Swencki, Camilla
Smith, Charles
Splaine, Dorothy
Stofen, Henry
Schlerendsky, Harold
Szatkowski, Waclaw
Shannon, Frances
Shirkey, Elizabeth
Schubert, Marie
Sorenson, Harry
Stephens, Marion
Smerchek, Alice
Schmitt, Blanche
Scheller, Walter
Solomon, Isadore
Sommers, Clyde
Skow, Helen
Sorenson, Anna
Sorenson, Elna
Stauss, Dorothy
Stupecky, Harold
Sheft, Max
Skinner, Eunice
Snead, Helen
Schultz, Mildred
Schimauski, Helen

Thompson, Mabel
Thomas, Perry
Trolle, Asta
Turner, Clarence
Taraschafsky, Emil
Troop, Martha
Thomas, George L.

Thygeson, Ethel
Thompson, Minnie
Timmler, Walter
Tobias, Louis

Undorf, Walter

Vandenberg, Frederick
Veselik, Mildred
Vrooman, Allan

Walker, Everett
Weber, William
Welfel, Marie
Whitaker, Ruth
Wilkin, Mark
Williams, Catherine
Williamson, Beatrice
Witherspoon, Edgar
Witmer, Gwendolyn
Wacek, Esther
Weins, Eugene
Waisman, Rose
Wibbert, Ione
Wiechers, Ruth
Williams, Cecelia
Wiechers, Benton
Williams, Gene
Wiechers, Lucille
Wuerzberger, Florence
Wright, Lois
Wheeler, Olive

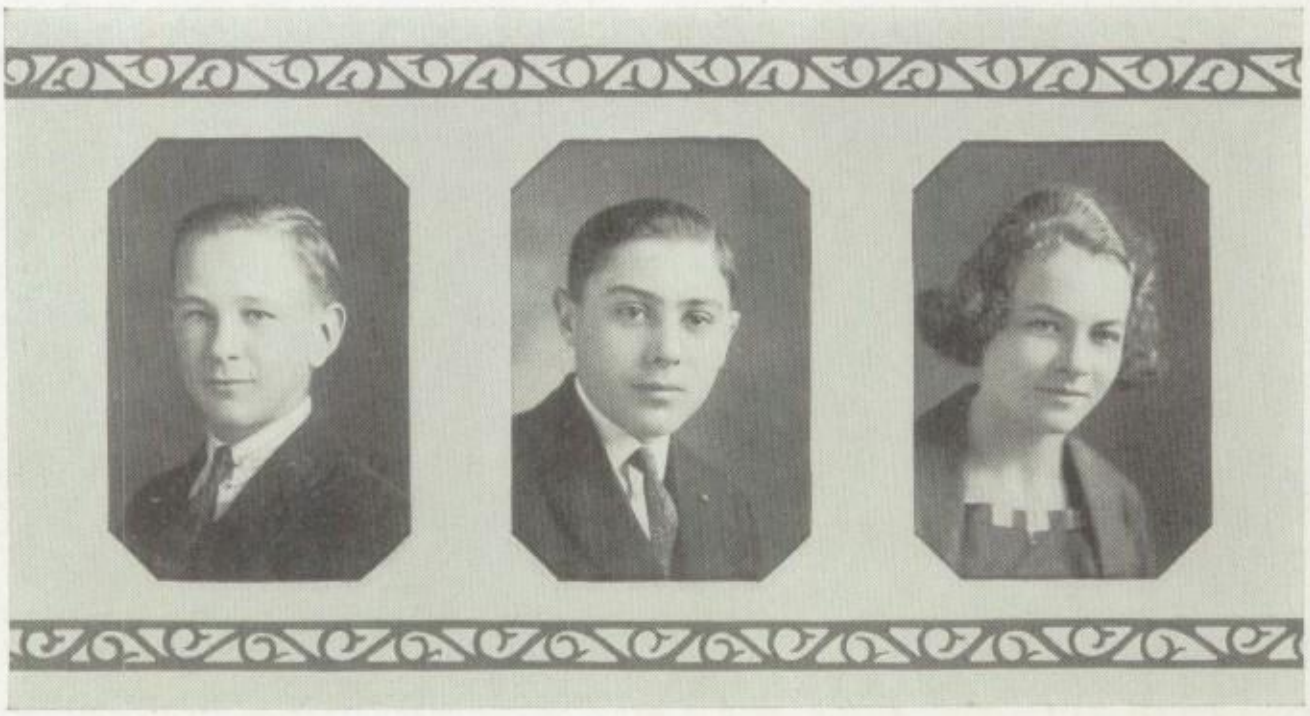
Yerdon, Ray

Zcolkowski, Edward
Zunke, Alice
Zivelli, Marie
Zehrt, Frank

FRESHMEN

KIPLIRS KAWI

Freshman Class Officers



PRESIDENT
MILO HENKE

VICE PRESIDENT
RICHARD CHADWICK

SECRETARY & TREASURER
NORMA PROSTREDNIK

MOTTO: *Forward*
FLOWER: *Lily of the Valley*
COLORS: *Gold and Purple*

Freshman Register

Alperwitz, Julius
Aegerter, Warren
Anderson, George
Alcorn, Oren
Anderson, Clarence
Alders, Leona
Amundson, Vernon

Brill, Richard
Beck, Hazel
Buell, Paul
Bruce, Ernest
Bergerson, Lorraine
Bassett, Virginia
Becker, Carl
Bush, Gregory
Benson, Albert
Bauman, Fred
Bugbee, Merrill
Braatz, Caroline
Bowman, Eugene
Bowers, Ruth
Bires, Gustie
Binder, Henry
Bednar, Charles
Becker, Harold
Beals, Ethel
Baggott, Richard
Buhler, Clarence
Buhler, Minnie
Burkert, Evelyn
Birkrem, Melvin
Beck, Harriet
Brinkman, Gladys
Bjornson, Knute
Baumann, Howard
Becker, Ottilia
Buetow, Erwin
Bloom, Dorothy
Bjornson, Barney

Cashman, Florence
Caspers, Earl
Corse, Catherine
Callendar, Richard
Chadwick, Richard
Chopyak, Mary
Christensen, Esther M.
Chubak, Joe
Christensen, Helga
Christensen, Elmer
Cetrano, Frances
Cairo, Salate
Christiansen, Lillian
Colt, Ruth

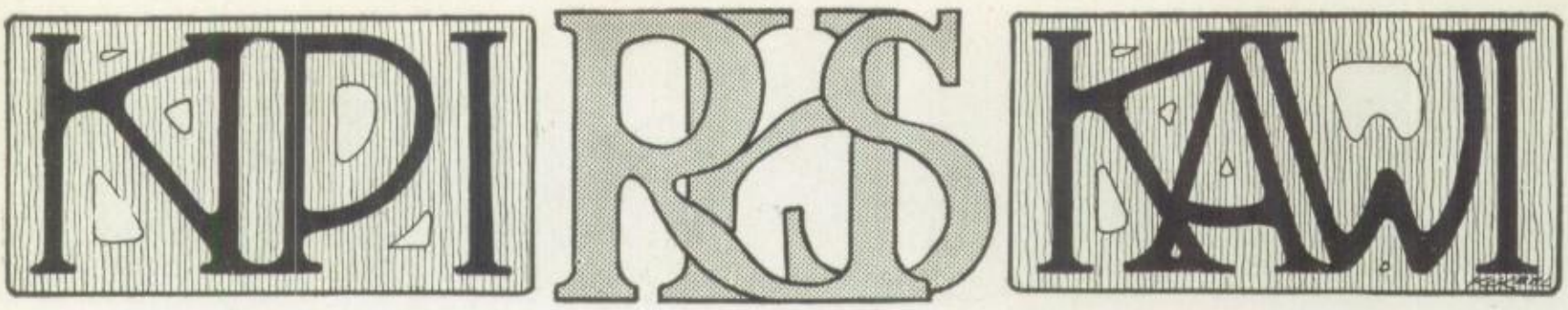
Dieringer, May
Doyle, James
Decker, Ralph
Daley, Russell
Duffy, Catherine
Dietrich, Florence
Dryjanski, Irene
Dawson, Dwight
DeMark, Lena
DeRyke, Catherine
Dalton, Lee
Dadian, Kasar

Erickson, Myron
Ernst, Waldemar
Ernst, Eugene

Floyd, Russell
Firks, Frank
Fucilla, Anthony
Frudenwald, Elsie
Fries, John
Fries, Georgia
Friend, Pearl
Francetic, Sylvester
Fox, Rebella
Fatke, Jerome
Forkel, Linda
Finsen, Orville
Fischer, Margaret
Fuller, Ida
French, Mattie
Frederickson, Theobald
Fieczkho, Sophia
Fair, Dorothy
Felbab, Esther

Gales, Helen
Gregg, Gerald
Gruhn, Evelyn
Gertenbach, Oswald
Grant, Reuben
Gross, Alfred
Giese, William R.
Gain, Ernest
Grant, Frank
Gilday, Ruth
Gibbs, Frances
Griffith, Jean
Gulbank, Charles
Gere, Viola
Gertenbach , Selda
Gillund, Margaret
George, Alice
Grebitz, Elmer
Gerbig, Viola
Geanos, George

Hansen, Carl J.
Hansen, Lyle
Hansen, Ralph
Helm, Russell
Hader, Richard
Hanney, George
Harris, Maurice
Hilker, Roy
Hogbin, Charles
Haluska, Rudolph
Hansen, Oscar
Hahn, Bessie
Holly, Susan
Huck, Loretta
Hasenbein, Asof
Halverson, Irving
Henke, Milo
Healy, James
Hansen, Carl A.
Habada, Rose
Haigh, Irene
Hannon, Juanita
Hansen, Galelo
Hansen, Leslie
Hawkins, Elbert
Hayman, Grace
Homan, Julius
Hope, Harvey
Hughes, Alfred
Haarsma, John
Hansen, Adolph
Hoogerhouse, Bertha



Jorgenson, Myrtle
Jones, Herbert
Jorgenson, Evelyn
Jensen, Ralph
Jones, Robert
Johnson, William
Jordan, Edward
Jorgenson, Chris
James, Dorothy
Jones, Margaret
James, Philipa
Julian, John
Jones, Tural
Jensen, Rigmor
Jensen, Lena
Jensen, Edward
Jensen, Arnold
Jensen, Alfred
Jones, Maglona
Johnson, Oliver
Jensen, Russell
Jensen, Otto
Jarvela, Norman

Kemen, Albert
Kolinski, Anna
Kass, Milton
Knudson, Evelyn
Knutson, Gerhardt
Kuchenbach, Harold
Koenig, William
Kronmiller, Fred
Kasper, Elmer
Kappel, Edna
Kussman, Delwin
Krogh, Lydia
Kovar, Alice
Keough, Alice
Keough, Josephine
Katafiasz, Louis
Kane, Evelyn
Kirsch, Esther
Kimpel, Ralph
Kline, Bernard
Karlson, Anton
Klepel, Ella

Lange, Irving
Laurenz, Irving
Laurenz, Leonard
Lorens, Leroy
Lane, Irene
Lewis, Emily
Lemponen, Eino
Lemanowicz, Frank
Lubovitzki, Marie
LaFortune, Stanis
Larsen, Stanley
Lichtenheld, Marvin
Lamberton, Grace
Lantz, Edward
Litrenta, Mary
Lechner, Alice
Long, Rosalie

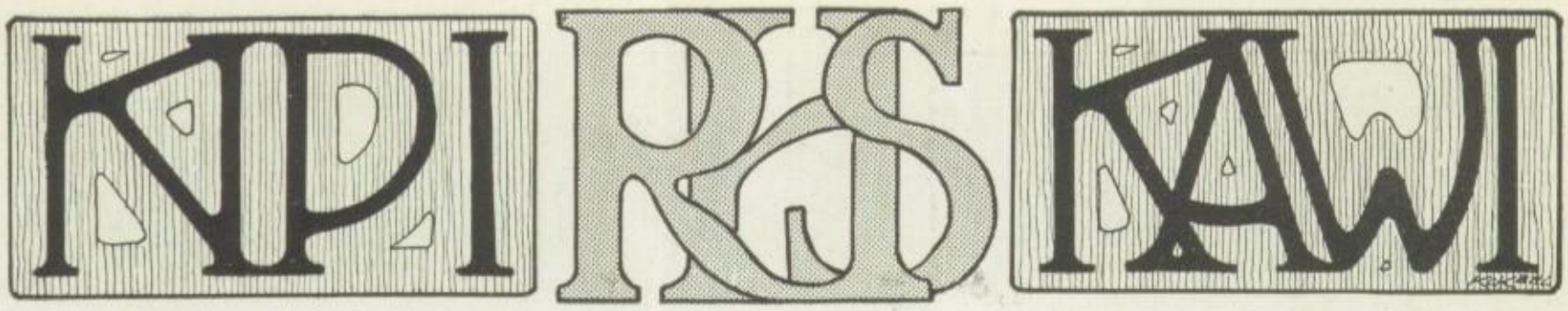
Martin, Margaret
Mastain, Clarence
Matern, Mike
Mauer, Linus
McCarthy, John
McNamara, Gerald
Masko, Mary
Mankowski, Adam
Mogenson, Louise
Makovsky, Grace
Miles, Lillian
Mainus, Marjorie
Maynard, Beatrice
Mitchell, Asher
Manske, Bertha
McIlrath, Harriet
Miller, Louise
Majewski, Bertha
McIlrath, Zettie
Miller, Evelyn
Matson, Ellen
Mulder, Rose
Morey, Arthur
Morawetz, August
Miller, Ruth
Miller, Gladys
Mielke, Carolyn
Michna, Charles
Mathews, Kenneth
Maresh, Raymond
Mangold, George
Munk, Paul
Masik, Joseph

Nelson, Russell
Nyholm, Mabel
Nelson, Clara
Niess, Edna
Norton, Ida
Nielson, Gladys
Nielson, Eugene
Nelson, Vera
Nelson, Boyd
Nelson, Arnold
Niedermeyer, William
Nitz, Herman
Nickerson, Glenn
Newman, Alfred
Nelson, oscar
Nelson, Dorothy

Overdier, George
Olson, Theodore
Olson, Kenneth
Olson, Bernice
Oliver, Elizabeth
Olson, Herman

Peterson, Edith
Petersen, Willard
Piper, Albert
Potthoff, Henrietta
Prostrednik, Norma
Pederson, Emil
Protextor, Fern
Patzke, Walter
Parsells, Ronald
Pusch, Walter
Peterson, Dorothy
Pohorsky, Joseph
Peterson, Roy
Peters, Amanda
Peterson, Blanche
Pitner, Carl
Pfister, Anthony
Pederson, Arnold
Patriarca, Rose
Porter, Grace
Peterson, Norman
Priaulx, Isabel
Petirro, Caroline
Parmenter, Ruth
Palermo, Mary
Purlee, William
Peterson, Clarence

Richter, Elizabeth
Raught, Evelyn
Reed, Dorothy
Rasmussen, Evelyn
Reich, Bernadine
Ruetz, Jerome
Rodgers, Wesley
Robotka, George
Rosenquist, Dorothy
Reichert, Rosella
Rose, Alvina



Rice, Arnold
Reinhardt, George
Riegelman, Esther
Rasmussen, Stanley
Ryan, Claude
Ricchio, Oscar
Reed, Hattie
Redmond, Everett
Redlin, Elizabeth
Radatovics, Mary
Ranous, Garry
Repa, Adeline

Schulz, Grace
Simanek, Charles
Stankiewicz, Paul
Slafter, Violet
Schueppler, Emma
Skow, Thora
Sorenson, John
Steele, Dorothy
Stritesky, Evelyn
Swendson, Harry
Sorenson, William
Schlick, Mary
Shanyfelt, Paul
Shearer, Stewart
Shutter, Helen
Skow, Helen
Sliker, Evelyn
Stockmeyer, Lucy
Sanders, Lyle
Sodomka, John
Saxild, Gottschalk
Sowicky, William

Stewart, Dorothy
Stransky, Grace
Steinman, Carl
Severin, Marie
Selman, Mary
Schulte, Michael
Sorenson, Lillian
Soens, Herbert
Sprague, Ava
Sorenson, Elna
Selman, John
Schubert, Anna
Svhilke, Leona
Schemming, Clarence
Sunde, Thomas
Stegner, Frank
Sentenn, Clarence
Schweitzer, Francis
Scheel, Ella
Schwartz, Nathan
Shute, Corine
Schmoll, Irma

Thomas, George
Tidyman, John
Townsend, Grace
Thompson, Evelyn
Thompson, Dominic
Tiplady, Virginia
Tyborczyk, Edmund
Turner, Audrey
Tobias, Albert
Thompson, Jeannette
Thayer, Cornelius

Valentine, Bertha
Vandenberg, Clement
Vincent, Ida
Veselik, Evelyn
Vetter, Earl

Williams, Eleanor
Wilson, Bernice
Wilson, James
Williamson, Frank
Wood, Fred
Walling, Muriel
Welker, Harold
Wittko, Andrew
Weber, William
Wuerzberger, Harold
Weidner, Melvin
Weill, Francis
Wegman, Clarence
Wiechers, Marion
Wilson, Mildred
Wright, Ernest
Weibel, Adolph
Wischnefski, Alfred
Whitaker, Philip
Weber, Evelyn
Wehole, Kathryn
Weibel, John
West, Anna
White, Orson

Zahalka, Irving
Zewen, Joseph
Zika, Otto
Zitka, Frank

9529
DANGER
DRIVE SLOW
CURVE.

LITERATURE

KIPIKAWI

The following essay won first prize for the State of Wisconsin in the *Chicago Tribune* Contest. For this our fellow-class-mate won $500.00. We are proud to print it in the KIPIKAWI. — *Editors.*

George Washington

In the Department of Achievements in the Library of Human Progress, is a Living Book which is an inspiration — a guide to all who read it —"George Washington."

The pages are torn and worn from constant use; it is on a low shelf where even a child can reach it. There are pages red with the story of sacrifice, there are chapters clouded with the gray of utter hopelessness and despair; but there are even more which tell of success and triumph attained through unfailing perseverance and unflinching loyalty.

The soldier whose loyalty for the moment is almost at the point of failing, reads the thrilling story of Valley Forge, and sets out with a firmer purpose, and a more resolute heart.

The struggling business man wearily closing the book and placing it upon the shelf again, promises himself to do better things tomorrow.

The minister seeks also beneath its covers, and finds new thoughts and higher ideals which will be eagerly taken up by the people in his congregation.

The children of today are impressed with simple ideals of truth and loyalty, which will make stronger the government when they are the men and women of tomorrow.

No one seeks and is disappointed. There is no one who reads earnestly, that is not inspired and encouraged. For generations this "Book" has been the key to many a person's success — for many generations to come, it will be an ever ready reference to a puzzled nation.

Helen Catherine Moore.

The following story won first place in the story contest. — *Editor.*

Honor

Dr. Slocum lay back in his chair and scowled menacingly at the ceiling. It was evident that he was rather out of temper. To tell the truth, Dr. Slocum was always more or less off temper. One might almost term the doctor a chronic grouch. Like a glass of old milk, his disposition appeared soured permanently. His outlook, his attitude toward life was that of a fussy old hen which sputters when one but approaches it.

Downstairs, the doorbell rang sharply. The doctor stiffened, muttered impatiently, and waited. There was silence below, broken presently by another imperative peal of the bell.

"Some fool, who can't read," growled the doctor. "Pity he can't see that sign, 'Walk in.'" Stepping to the head of the stairs, he called, "Come in!"

The door opened, and a tall boyish fellow entered. The boy looked worried. In response to the doctor's curt greeting he said, "My mother is sick. I wish you would come at once."

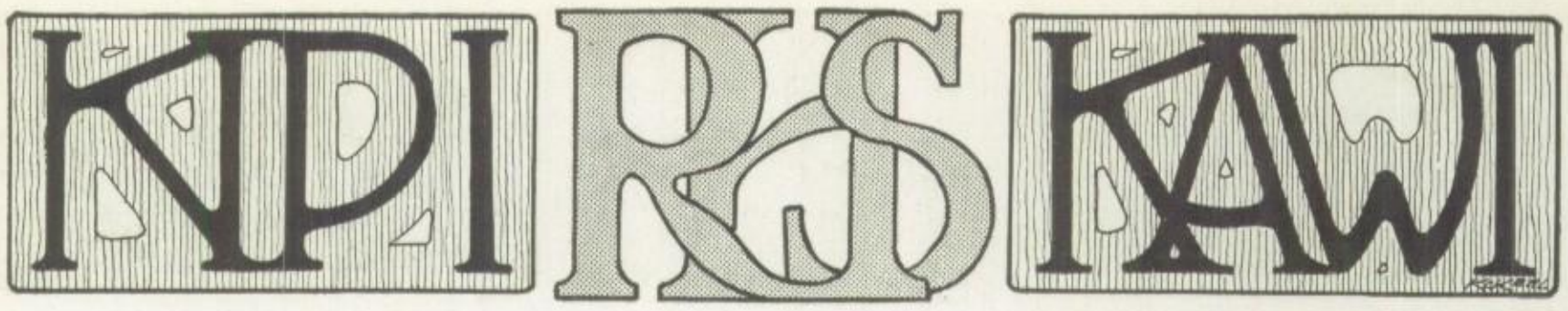
Growling a little at the early summons, the doctor threw on his coat, grabbed his medicine case, and stamped down the stairs. "If you want to ride with me, you'd better be moving," he said gruffly as he threw open the door.

Without a word, the boy took his place in the car beside him. As they sped over the smooth pavements, the doctor, out of the corner of his eye noted that the boy's face was tired and wan, and he felt an unwilling touch of sympathy.

"I told you last time, Lester," he said in his gruff manner, "that nothing but an operation could help your mother."

The boy's face twisted as in inward torture. "We have not the money to pay for an operation," he said wearily. "I wanted to quit school and go to work, but mother would not let me. I graduate this year, you know."

Dr. Slocum grunted, but spoke no



word. Presently they reached the boy's home and entered. Lester pointed the way to the sick room, and paced the floor until the doctor completed his examination, and came out. In silence the doctor wrote a prescription and gave it to him.

"Get these at the drug store. Give the pills three times a day. Better get some sleep. You look tired out." Then, in answer to Lester's unspoken query, "She is pretty bad. I wouldn't give much for her life if she doesn't have an operation soon. Good-bye."

Long after the doctor had gone, Lester stood staring off into space, his boyish face twisted in pain.

Marlsborough High School was in a fever of excitement. Marlsborough High from the littlest freshie to the most lordly senior was overflowing with school spirit. For tonight Marlsborough five played Greenwood, their most bitter rival, for the state championship.

"Come on, boys, girls, ladies, gents," shouted Trolley, the official cheer leader parked in the lower corridor with a knot of students about him, secure in his faith that no teacher would venture to interfere in this time of crisis. "Come on, all together. What's the matter with LESTER! LESTER!"

Lester, who had been watching the proceedings, hastened away. The boy's face was flushed with honest triumph. After all, we are young but once and there is nothing to equal the admiration accorded athletic prowess. And Lester, beyond a doubt, was deserving of his school mates' support and appreciation. All acknowledged that he was the greatest forward that Cam, the veteran coach, had ever developed. He was the pivot of the team. About him revolved every play. Marlsborough's meteoric success this season was due mainly to the wonderful coaching of Cam and the prowess of Lester.

As the boy stood in the corridor, his eyes misty with dreams, he was approached by Ratty Jones, a little, crooked, squint-eyed, fellow who radiated continually an air of calculating cunning. Ratty was the Shylock of the school. He seized every opportunity to acquire a nickel by fair means or foul. He bet, he gambled, he traded, and always gained by the transaction. Lester had never liked him.

"Say, Les," Ratty said familiarily, "I hear your mother is sick."

"Yes," affirmed Lester shortly.

Ratty peered about fearfully as if to be sure that they were alone. He lowered his voice to a mere whisper. "Gonna be some big money made off that game tonight," he said. "Heard that old Cromwell, the pool-hall man, is laying one thousand dollars on Marlsborough. A fellow could pick up a lot of jack if he would only know which side would win."

"Betting on school games ought not be allowed," Lester said hotly.

"I wish I could play like you," Ratty said meaningly. "I'd surely pick up a wad of dough. Listen" — Ratty drew nearer and glanced about fearfully. "If you'll sell that game tonight, I'll give you four hundred dollars spot cash."

For a moment Lester was stunned. Then he jerked himself erect, his eyes flaming. He opened his mouth to speak, but Ratty cut him off short.

"Listen, Les," he said, "your mother is sick. She'll die if she isn't operated on. You have no money. This four-hundred will pay all expenses, and maybe give you a little spending money. You don't want her to croak, do you?"

Lester choked. "I — I —" he faltered.

Five minutes later, left alone, Ratty chuckled triumphantly. "I knew that would get him," he exulted.

. . . . . .

"Lester," Cam said earnestly, "we want to win to-night. Of course, the world won't stop revolving if we don't win, but we must do our best."

"Yes," replied Lester, turning his face away. He dared not meet the coach's eye.

"I'd like to win to-night, Les. I have tried for twelve years and I've never copped a championship. I —" the man faltered and turned away to hide his emotion.

The referee's whistle sounded sharply. The players took their places. The crowded balconies were silent, struck with that breathless expectation that precedes a game. Then the game began.

There was a tangle of arms and legs. The referee's whistle sounded again. The ball was tossed up, tipped off, and carried down the floor, only to be passed back again. The play was clean and swift. For the first few minutes Marlsborough looked outclassed. She seemed unable to get the ball. Cheer after cheer went up from the Greenwood rooters as Mohr, their big guard, shot two baskets in quick succession. On the next play, however, Marlsborough got the ball, carried it up the floor and scored. Near the end of the period, Lester got the ball, and, seeing a clear field, dribbled the length of the floor, for a basket. Just as the time keeper's whistle ended the period, he shot another basket from a difficult angle while the Marlsborough supporters went wild.

Lester's brain was whirling with conflicting emotions. The cheers of the crowd, the plaudits of his friends were maddening to him. As the whistle blew for the next quarter, he took his place with a heart like lead. He dared not look anyone in the eye. His every fibre trembled with shame in contemplation of the lie he was to act.

The play in the second quarter was furious. The ball was the vertex of a pack of frantic beasts. Numerous fouls were called on both sides. Neither side was able to score. The spectators shouted themselves hoarse. Then something happened. There was a crash of clashing bodies. The referee's whistle sounded, but Lester collapsed to the floor and lay still. He struggled feebly to rise but sank back again with a groan. Amid the stricken silence of the Marlsborough rooters, he was carried off the floor. Black despair settled down upon the Marlsborough supporters, while the Greenwood rooters openly rejoiced. Cam was frantic.

From the side lines Lester watched the game go on. The Marlsborough quintet, after its first stunned surprise, fought on, hopeless but desperate. In spite of their frantic efforts, however, Greenwood cut down their lead and was two points ahead when the half ended.

Mann, captain, hurried to Lester. "Bad hurt?" he queried.

Lester nodded, unfeigned misery in his eyes. The conflict within him seemed rending his every fibre. He quivered with shame at his despicable falsehood; yet the thought of his mother restrained him from giving the lie to the counterfeit.

In the third period, Marlsborough scored not a single point, while their opponents got two. Only desperate guarding kept them from scoring more. The fourth quarter began. The struggle in Lester's soul was fierce. He ached to be out there fighting, struggling. Suddenly he remembered his mother's words as she bade him good-bye.

"Play fair, Lester," she had said. "Remember what Roosevelt said, 'Play hard; don't foul; hit the line hard.' Honor is more precious than a mere game."

Then in a flash of insight he knew that his mother would die, starve, rather than be nursed to health with contaminated money. He sprang to his feet and hurried to Cam. Cam turned and stared, hope leaping in his eyes.

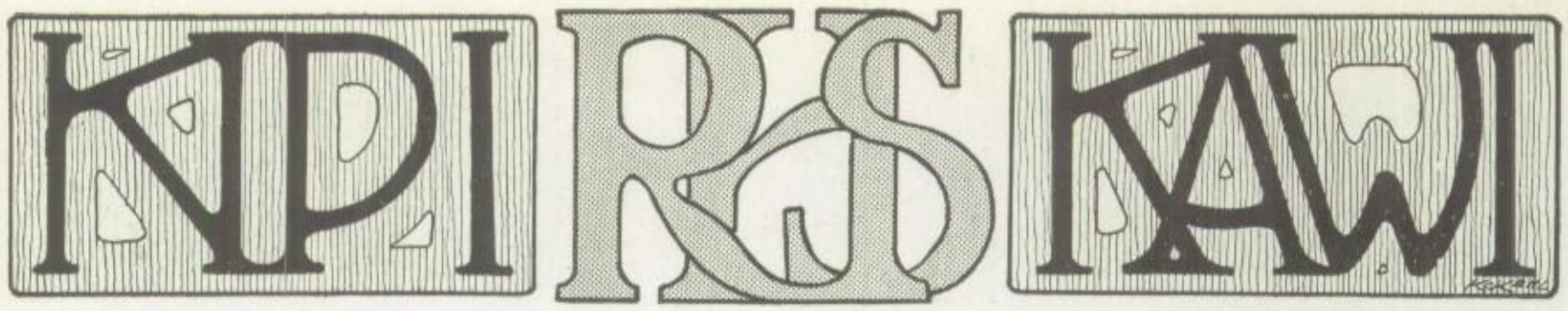
"Can you play?" he cried.

Lester nodded, trembling, eager to be in action. Time was called. He took his place and the play began.

The rest of that game is history. How the Marlsborough five, inspired, suddenly awoke in the closing minutes of the game; how Mann, Lester, and Cole carried the ball up the floor again and again; how, just as time was called, Lester put Marlsborough one point in the lead with a spectacular shot from the centre of the floor; all that is history. We need only say that Lester came back with a rush.

. . . . . .

Dr. Slocum switched on his hall light, opened the door to his study, and entered. Lester sat there with miserable downcast eyes.



"Today I told you to go ahead with that operation, but now I guess we'll have to call it off. Something happened to change my plans."

The doctor's hard old face softened. He laid one bony hand on Lester's shoulder. "Boy, I saw that game to-night. I won't forget it soon. I think I know why you quit and why you came back again. You can't fool a doctor, you know! And I believe your mother will have that operation. Lester, I have shut myself up away from my fellow men, and I've grown crabbed and hard. Lester, I—I like you a whole lot. You are clean, clear through. I guess we can manage college for you, and we'll fix your mother up all right, boy."

Frank Bunce, '23.

One Minute Late

"You are elegant to-night, Mademoiselle — perfection itself," declared Monsieur Chevre, setting down his glass.

"Elegant, you say?" queried Mademoiselle, peering up at him enchantingly.

"But yes, elegant. Always you are beautiful — but now — words cannot express . . ." and Monsieur shrugged his shoulders.

Truly Mademoiselle was elegant. Her chestnut hair glowed under the blazing light; her cold and wondrous eyes flashed under the shade of long and delicate lashes, her seductively beautiful face shone with vivid animation, and her sensitive eyebrows expressed her thought with alluring charm. She wore a piquant little hat, a pair of long and dangling earrings, a necklace of strange, auburn beads, and a gown of some exquisitely soft material. She was like a star, profoundly enticing, yet ineffably distant.

Monsieur and Mademoiselle were recent friends; and this, their first night at the cafe, was a successful one — until the message came. It was a tiny card, brazenly soiled, and ridiculously important. It bore one word only, ruggedly scrawled across its surface in English, "To-night."

Monsieur grew pale, crumpled it angrily in his hand, and exclaimed, "Alas, Mademoiselle, it is bad news. My business summons urgently — for two o'clock. It must be important."

Mademoiselle essayed a forced smile. "Oh!" she said, "It is all right. My friends — over there — are even now beckoning me."

"You understand, Mademoiselle, this is unavoidable — *tres impolie*, I know, but I will soon return."

"It is natural, Monsieur," she said, consolingly; "Au revoir!"

Monsieur bowed stiffly and departed; but Mademoiselle smiled, and whispered softly, "*Auf Wiedersehen*!"

Monsieur Chevre, or, more intimately, Herr Chevrek, hurried out into the brilliant Parisian night. "Brilliant!" he laughed, sardonically, "but not yet blazing!" Herr Chevrik was a German spy of the first order. In his hands, that night, lay the fate of Le Beau Paris. At his signal, a thousand flames, and the city of Genevieve would be in ruins. Without his signal, a thousand bristling Teutons would slink back to their homes, and try to hide themselves. The signal — and it was simple — was a light in the Eiffel Tower, where a French-born hireling of Potsdam awaited him. And Chevrik was to give the word.

Paris was provokingly gay that night, the streets were blocked with reckless traffic. Herr Chevrik swore, "Gott in Himmel!" in frank, expressive German; his chauffer swore, "Mon Dieu!" in graceful, polished French. But at last they were through the maze, and the colossal tower was reached. Monsieur stepped quickly out, glanced cautiously around, and beckoned to the chauffer. Suddenly a dazzling light shone in his face, four men sprang toward him, and an elegantly sweet little voice cried out, "But you are one minute late, Monsieur, it was for two o'clock!"

"Mein Gott! How did you know!" he exclaimed.

Mademoiselle smiled enchantingly, and wickedly shook her long and dangling earrings. "I didn't know until — she laughed, "I will teach you to shrug your shoulders as a Frenchman does."

— Travers Hand, '23.

The Kaiser at Amerongen

I.
At Amerongen the sunlight glow
Finds refuge in the castle halls,
And plays in careless levity
About the grimly brooding walls.

II.
The quiet woods of Amerongen
Are green with summer's happy grace;
The calm canals at Amerongen
Reflect the spendid sun's grimace.

III.
And ever in the summer joy,
A solitary figure strays,
With bowed head and humble tread,
Along the blithesome woodland ways.

IV.
And oft the creatures of the wood
Appear, to taunt his silver hairs,
But more to pain his wretched heart,
And weighten burdens that he bears.

V.
And oft the woods are peopled with
A host of angry fantasies,
That writhe and plead and weep and die,
And drown the forest harmonies.

VI.
Anon the old man rests himself,
And tries to think of gladder things,
Of glories that will come again,
Of lustrous joys that power brings.

VII.
But soon with rancor crowding back
The baleful fancies, leering, come
To persecute and tortue 'till
His heart is bled, his speech is dumb.

VIII.
'Tis thus in daylight's gladsome hours,
When mocking sunbeams taunt his gaze,
'Tis thus in nighttime's mystic voices,
When restive shadows haunt his ways.

IX.
'Tis thus and ever thus throughout
The smiles and tears of countless days,
And echoes whisp'ring spitefully
Say that it will be thus always.

X.
Always! 'Tis thus ambition serves
The man that to her gave his soul!
The broken man of Amerongen
In passing, pays eternal toll.

— *Travers Hand, '23.*

Caesar in High School

Julius Caesar had been gone from this earth since 44 B. C. He had long lived the quiet life, and had not heard much news from Earth since he left. He had learned, however, from some shades who came in lately, that the Racine High School building was still standing, and that it was still densely populated — or that the population there was still dense —Caesar was not quite sure which way they said it. One thing about it he did understand clearly, and that was that Caesar had not been forgotten there, but was constantly talked of, by pupils and teachers.

This made the shade of Caesar so restless, that he knew he could never be happy again until he had revisited the Earth and the Racine High School to hear what they were saying about him there. He wanted to start at once, but another younger shade reminded him that it was Washington's Birthday, and that there was never school on holidays; so he waited until the next day.

Caesar's shade had forgotten that Racine had Central time, which is an hour later than Eastern time, and when he arrived at the High School at ten o'clock the next morning (thinking it was only nine) he found the building so crowded that even his shade could not get in; therefore hung around the outside of the building all morning and looked in at the windows. Once when a boy dropped some ink and yelled, "Great Caesar's Ghost!" he thought he was discovered.

He looked in at another window, and saw a girl writing. He heard her mutter, "Great Caesar!" He thought she must be writing him a letter, and he was anxious to see what she had written. He was disappointed to find that she was only trying to make X minus Y, equal to Z plus four.

When the crowd rushed out at noon, it reminded Caesar of a crowd he saw ahead of him when he took a trip to Gaul one time.

Two teachers came out together, and one was saying, "I must hurry, because I have to get back at 1:30, on account of *Caesar!*" Of course Caesar was flattered, and decided to go in early, and get himself a good seat before the crowd returned.

He found a seat, settled down, and thought he would have a little nap because he was tired out. He soon dozed off, and was dreaming about the time the Romans wanted to crown him. He was just about to try the crown on his head, when, because it was so heavy, it woke him up. He tried to move, but could not, because the seat he had selected for himself belonged to a fat girl, who had returned and sat down on him while he was dreaming about the crown.

This was a very uncomfortable situation for a shade, and he wondered how one could get out of it. He didn't want to make a fuss, for fear some one might notice it, and accuse him of being 'ambitious' (besides, all the other seats were occupied). After awhile, the fat girl stood up to say *"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."* Then the shade took his chance to get unburied and slip out, and he stood in the doorway the rest of the hour.

Everybody spoke familiarly of Caesar, and the shade guessed that he must be a great favorite. At the close of the hour, he went out with the class, thinking he was with friends. In the hall he heard a boy say to another boy, "I know I'll flunk on that Old *Caesar;*" and another one said, "Gee, I hate *Caesar!*" This was more than the sensitive shade could stand, and he hurried back to Shadowland.

— *Lee Dalton, '26.*

The Drifter

Like the proverbial stone, Peter Fadden had rolled much but had gathered no moss. He had tramped and sailed his way around the world, a solitary way and a lonely one. His curious eyes had seen far and wide the natural beauties of many continents. He had journeyed through lands filled with unfamiliar faces, and through countries of queer customs. The West Indies, the Bermudas, the Philippines, Madagascar, New Zealand, Japan, Korea; they all were his. The island, the wilderness, the desert, the tropics, — he had seen them all. He had dreamed beneath drowsy Southern skies, and had shivered where the tongued lights lick the Northern blackness.

The natives had turned to look at Peter Fadden, for in those days he possessed a handsome face and a stalwart figure. That was before old age had thinned his hair and shrivelled his features. As he roamed among them, he was called The Drifter, and that name seemed more real to him than his other name. He liked to be called The Drifter.

It was at sun-down of a day in mid-October that Peter Fadden stopped rolling. It was then that he found work as furnace tender at Taylor's Orphan Home. With the work went food, overalls, and a bed in the cellar near the furnace. From pity had the portly and motherly matron of the Home engaged the old man. He had come and begged for some menial task that brought with it the surety of remaining in one place. He had had a wistful look in his eyes when he told her of his wanderings, and how that now, with the advancing years, he wished a definite place in which to stay and await the call that he knew was coming soon. On hearing his tale, the matron sobbed sympathetically in tender, motherly fashion, and then, lest she awaken the babies that were sleeping in the white nursery next to the office, she hustled him off to the cellar to show him that necessary part of the institution. So old Peter Fadden became furnace tender at Taylor's Orphan Home, and The Drifter was moored.

Except for his eyes, Peter Fadden was not a very attractive person. His rather short figure had been bent and sadly weatherbeaten by the storms of an unsheltered life, and when he walked he

continually bobbed up and down, as if acknowledging applause. His eyes were a soft brown, and they had the habit of peering anxiously at everyone, as a lost dog, looking for his master, intently watches each approaching stranger. It may have been due to his voluntary celibacy; it may have been due to his more or less involuntary loneliness; but let it be said that old Peter's outstanding characteristic was his great love for babies. And his love for babies brought him to his death.

. . . . . .

It was a morning of sunshine in March. The sap was starting to run, and the buds of the beech trees were fairly dripping with stickiness. From the highest trees the early birds were pouring music on the heads of the unsuspecting. Peter was working in the garden, breaking ground for planting, and it was as he labored there that the idea came to him. The latticed windows of the nursery were open to allow the Spring air to enter, and as he listened, Peter heard one of the babies cry. Lifting his head to hear better, he smiled with his broken teeth, for the cooing of the babies now came to him distinctly. He laid down his shovel and cocked his head. Then he tottered stealthily toward a side door of the building that led directly into the great, white-walled nursery. Turning the knob of the door, he entered the room. It was filled with long rows of tiny white beds, and in each there lay a baby.

He went from cot to cot, smiling down at the red faces and squinting eyes, and sometimes he laid a crooked finger in a dimpled hand, laughing brokenly when the baby gurgled and squeezed it.

"Darned little cuss," he muttered; "darned little cuss."

He passed on, gazing at each one in turn. When he found one sleeping, he tiptoed quickly away. Finally he came to the end of the line, and was at the crib of the baby that had been crying. He saw at a glance how small it was, so much smaller than the others. Its face was pitifully white and drawn, and whenever it coughed, it raised its feeble arms above its head in a spasm of pain. As if to exclude the unwelcome light, its eyes were shut tightly. Old Peter lifted it very gently from the crib and cradled it in his arms. The baby turned and clutched his blue shirt with uncanny strength. Then the tears came to Peter's eyes, blurring them so the sickly face of the child was lost in a haze. He kissed the drawn forehead and laid the child carefully back on the bed.

The office door opened suddenly as he was about to leave the room, and the matron entered. She looked with amazement at the old man.

"Peter!"

No answer.

"Peter, I'm sorry to find you here again."

The old man was studying his shoe.

"Why have you disobeyed me, Peter? Do you remember the last time I found you here?"

The old man nodded but kept his eyes on the floor.

"What did I say you must do, if you were found here again?"

"Leave," whispered the old man.

"Then why are you here?"

He looked at her longingly. "I—I like 'em. I didn't mean nothing."

Her motherly heart was touched for the moment, but her official position could not allow leniency. She spoke to him quietly but kindly. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave, Peter."

He bowed and shuffled from the room. With pitying eyes she watched him go, and then she turned to the sick baby. Its white clothes were soiled where Peter's dirty hands bad heen placed, but its face was as white as the pillow on which its head rested. She uttered a sigh and bent over the infant. It was dead.

. . . . . .

Out in the street the dusk was padding the sun-drenched ground with darkness. Factory whistles competed hoarsely, and

KIPLING

lighted exits were debouching long files of chattering workers, leaving for home. The twilight deepened slowly and muted all that was harsh in the day into a fugue of faint and soothing murmurs. Within the Home, the nurses were putting the babies to sleep, or were giving the older children their evening meal. It was a scene of quiet cheerful activity. The lighted windows winked gayly to the darkness outside. In her cozy office the matron sat chuckling over a new arrival, while without, in the black streets, there wandered aimlessly with lagging footsteps, the forlorn figure of a man. The Drifter had broken again from his moorings.

He came to a lighted street corner just as the theater throngs were emerging from the brilliantly lighted places of amusement. The crowd jostled him roughly, so that he was aroused from lethargy. The old man backed up against the wall of the theater and watched the people pass. Then he moved on, gazing at everything about him. He carried a sleepy child over the crossing for a grateful mother, and before setting it down, kissed it. Before the mother could thank him, he slipped down a side street. It was dark there, but the old man drew the back of his hand across his cheek and brought it away wet. Then the darkness swallowed him up.

. . . . . .

No one could say how the destructive fire at Taylor's Orphan Home started. It must have been midnight when the greedy flames reached the first floor and aroused the nurses from their slumber. A fire alarm was rung, and through the dark night noisy engines came rumbling to the scene. The quickly assembled crowd assisted the nurses and officers in rescuing the children from the Home before the fire got beyond control. In vain the firemen fought as the flames advanced, and from more than one pair of lips came a sigh of thankfulness that the children were safe.

The Home became a roaring furnace, and painted the sky with rosy light. The crowd settled back, watching with fascination the lurid pillar of fire. The matron and nurses were standing off to one side, comforting the older children, when through the crowd there burst the disheveled figure of Peter Fadden. He made as if to dash into the burning building, then spying the matron he staggered to her. Mutely he pointed to the blistering walls, and she nodded yes.

"The sick one? Is it out?" he croaked.

She looked at him again and the frown left her forehead.

"It's still in the nursery. It has been dead many hours. We had no time. It is better so."

Before the astonished eyes of the people the old man ran forward; then eluding the outstretched arms of the firemen, he entered the portals and was lost in the smoke and fire. The people moved forward tensely. Somewhere in the press a woman fainted and was carried away. One of the firemen ran to the door of the building, shouting foolishly, and returned gasping for air. The crowd settled back to wait.

Five minutes had elapsed before Peter Fadden came, crawling on hands and knees, with the corpse of the dead baby hugged to his bosom. His hands and face were gruesomely red, and his clothes were reeking with smoke. With a fireman's coat for a pillow, they gently stretched him out on the sidewalk, nor thought of removing the child from his dying embrace. The crowd gathered close as a doctor knelt by the old man's side. His eyes opened, and someone spoke.

"You're going to die, Peter."

As the people stood silent, the men unconsciously bared their heads; the roaring of the fire abated and died away; the hush of night fell over all. An ineffable smile lit up The Drifter's face, and clasping the baby's silent form close to his heart, he departed on that long, long voyage that was to make full restitution for all the heartaches of his earthly wanderings.

—*Kenford Nelson, '23.*

KIPIKAWI

The Kipikawi

I think that you will never see
An annual like the *Kipikawi.*

A book within whose leaves are pressed
Some literature of the high school's best.

A book that you will keep always,
Upon whose pages mem'ry plays.

A book with art and writing rare,
With which no other can compare.

Within whose pages genius lives, —
A book which slams and bouquets gives.

Others have tried; but with luck blest
This book of ours is far the best.

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmer . . taken from *Trees.*)

— *Pearl Wichern, '23.*

Joys of Theme Writing

Lightly the carefree feet of the high school students trip along the path of knowledge. Joyfully they pursue the rose strewn path; then, of a sudden, the path becomes beset with thorns.

"Hear, children," the clarion tones of the tyrannical teacher of English resound throughout the room, "on the morrow you will bring to class a neat, well-written theme."

We gaze at one another apprehensively. Fear enters our hearts. Gloom descends like a cloud. Then indeed is there wailing and gnashing of teeth. Greater and greater becomes our misery; I am about to give up hope; then, a ray of light in the darkness, *Inspiration* arrives.

The Calculating Cocoanut

"Honor the cocoanut," this I hastily jot down, "for his strength, his food-value, and his ability to keep a secret. Where, my friends, can you find another paragon equal to the doughty nut? Beneath his shaggy exterior is the rich, sound, nutritious meat.

"Alas, this model of virute has not the slim, aesthetic grace of the indolent banana; yet, happily it is devoid of the malicious treachery of that same fruit. Who, I ask defiantly, has ever slipped on a cocoanut peel?"

The heartless teacher will not appreciate the joys and sorrows, the touching family life of the taciturn cocoanut — Say, that's poetry!

"Teachers, teachers,
Heartless creatures."

That is an excellent start, but that is all. In a short time the erring pen is deep in the intricacies of a wall-paper design. Gloom has returned with tripled vim and vigor. Just as I am about to succumb to his deadly onslaught, inspiration again returns, this time bearing something modern and "snappy." *The Maudlin Mystery of Moonless Mars,* I inscribe.

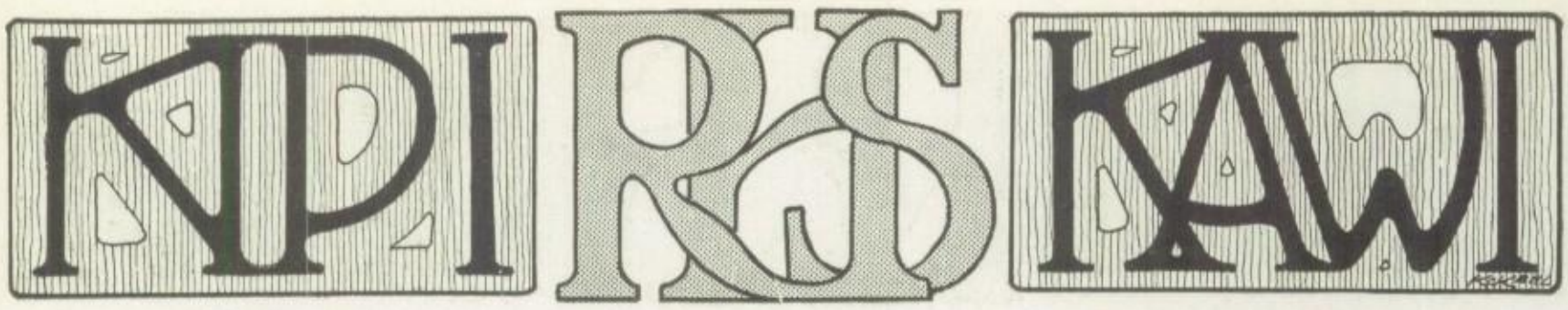
"Close to the western horizon a ruby light shone steadily, unflickeringly, sending forth the scarlet rays in all directions. One of these rays sped toward the earth, and, on arriving, was swallowed by a huge telescope that protruded from a vast dome. Along the top of the telescope, and insulated from it, ran a rod of half radium and half aluminum. At the far end it was sharpened to a point; near the dome it was soldered to a piece of no. 14 copper wire.

"Within the dome sat a small man, his eye glued to the telescope. He was attired in a skull-cap of black silk.

" 'Ha, ha,' he chuckled, 'now I shall leave.'

"On either side of him was a lofty coil of wire, each coil surmounted by a large brass ball. As the diminutive scientist pressed the key before him, the towering coils glowed faintly for a moment; then they were surrounded with weird, greenish-yellow coronas. The body of the scientist himself was lit up by a strange, electrical radiance. A moment passed; then a huge arc formed between the two balls of brass. For a second the roaring passage of electricity continued, then all was silent. The whole incident had taken but a fraction of a minute; yet the man with the black skull-cap had vanished completely, absolutely, and he had left that article in the seat of the chair!"

That's altogether too deep; besides, I can't think of a suitable ending. I'll wait till tomorrow to write the theme.



"Tomorrow" dawns, or, rather, grows slightly lighter than the night before. It is raining. By the Greek Pantheon, how it is raining! I gaze remorsefully on the window. Queerly enough, thoughts of Noah's Ark and the Eighteenth Amendment predominate.

Listless, all hope abandoned, I drag myself to school. In the study-period I begin painfully to scrape a theme together. Other joys of theme writing appear. This type is physical, or mechanical. It consists of charming sediment in the inkwell, fascinating blots on the paper, a hilariously bent pen, and other enchanting possibilities. An unclassified joy is the cheerful idiot seated near, who not only keeps up a running conversation, but also, destitute of school-supplies, insists on borrowing.

At last, with fear and trembling, I hand in the laboriously constructed document. Then I await approval or adverse criticism. Ah, woe is me! for man as the poet, or the plumber, or the bartender, has said, is ever doomed to disappointment.

"Why," the teacher exclaims, "this theme reads like the vagaries of a rarebit fiend."

That is, absolutely, the last straw. Hair awry, clothing disheveled, reason tottering, I slip away.

"I'm Bill Shakespeare," I shriek, "I'm Wally Scott, I'm —"

"Crazy is right," says the handsome guard with "Gatliff" on his cap, "this is about the worst case we've had. Walk right in, my lord."

— *Arthur Kidder. '24*

The Pearl

The man at the table hung his head. Outside, the wind whirled the snow about the attic window, causing it to sift in the cracks left by an ill-fitting shutter. A deathly silence filled the room; not even the ticking of a clock broke the stillness. The lone figure sat unmoved. In the distance, on the Boulevard Saint Michel, a bell chimed. It was midnight.

Slowly the man raised his head; slowly he glanced about the room; slowly he contemplated the delicate scientific instruments scattered on the table—the frail, expensive bits for whose sake he had gone hungry and cold—the intricate tools which held the key to his past as well as his future. His gaze wandered about the big barren garret room — only a bit of bread there in the unpainted cupboard, only a broken chair away off there in the corner, only the tattered remnant of what had once been a shade on the window. Again his eyes came back to the table, seeking, seeking. Ah, there it was. Slowly, marveling, he picked it up with a look of awe in his face, that look of a heathen worshipping Baal — an Oriental at the shrine of a green goddess — a Christian at the spot where Christ was crucified. Slowly he watched the candle light play upon it — the beautiful pearl to which he had dedicated his life. Would it ever repay him?

It did not seem possible now that his hope was gone from him. Perhaps it was not worth it, to seek for years to develop in a beautiful pearl the rainbow lights of the sunset, to endure hunger, and cold, and thirst, and to deny oneself love — Love! That was it! That was what he had missed the most through the years. His mind went back to the long ago — to that summer's night when he had walked with Marguerite on the sea-shore. He remembered now what a beautiful night it had been; he remembered the white sand, the lapping waters, the moon shining in a silver pathway across the waves, and the gleaming bubble on the shore. He had been telling Marguerite of his love for her. She knew it, to be sure, but how sweet it was to listen. He had been speaking of an undying passion, when his eyes, leaving the lovely face at his side, were attracted by the bright gleam on the sands. He had stopped, — queer, how it should seem like yesterday, — he had left her; he had fondled and exclaimed over the beautiful pearl in his hand; he had been seized with the great idea, his great ambition, and the girl by his side, misunderstanding the soul of the scientist, thinking only of how he had abandoned

her for his new-found treasure, had wept.

"You love your work more than you love me. A globe from the sea-shore delights you more than I. You are wicked, cruel."

Uncomprehending, still clutching his pearl, he gazed at her.

"You leave me, you moon over an insensible bit, you do not love me." Her anger was at white heat now. "You think not of me, but only of what you can do for the world with your useless discoveries. Fool! Now you must choose between me and your profession." The words rushed out in blind fury; long since she had lost all track of what she had been saying.

Still not taking in the situation, he fondled his new-found treasure.

"B-But I thought you said you l-loved me!" he stammered. For answer, she gave him a burning glance, then swiftly turned and fled. Only the sea answered his call. She was gone.

* * * * * * * *

Chobert, the scientist, recalled himself with a start. The room was bitterly cold. Stiffly he arose to get the tattered overcoat on the broken chair. Strange, it was not there. Ah, he remembered now, it was worth but three francs; it was so frayed. Life was worth but little up here in the cold, no heat of any kind, confronted with the failure to which he had dedicated his happiness. Why should he not try the easier way — the rope on the rafters? There was no food, no heat, no money; he would perish soon. Why should he not end it now? He clutched at his pearl, still the same beautiful fragment he had found years before. Perhaps, it was worth one more chance, one more experiment. He would try.

Slowly, with fingers numbed by the cold, he prepared the acid. With awkward movements he placed in position his instruments and his pearl. All was ready. With trembling hand he raised the phial of acid; raising his eyes to the window through which gray dawn was casting murky shadows, he prayed aloud for help from the Creator; then, slowly, he poured his solution over the pearl.

* * * * * * * * * *

The fragments of his beautiful idol lay crushed upon the table. A purple haze hung over the room. A crystal of ethereal nothings seemed to arise, expanding. Slowly, the purple shades drew closer, and the head of a woman was revealed, beautiful in the glorious expression of her face, floating, elusive, tantalizing.

Chobert extended his hands to clasp the dancing apparition.

"Marguerite," he murmured. As if a spell had been broken, the vision vanished. Yet, once more the haze gathered to form a woman's head, this time that of a nun.

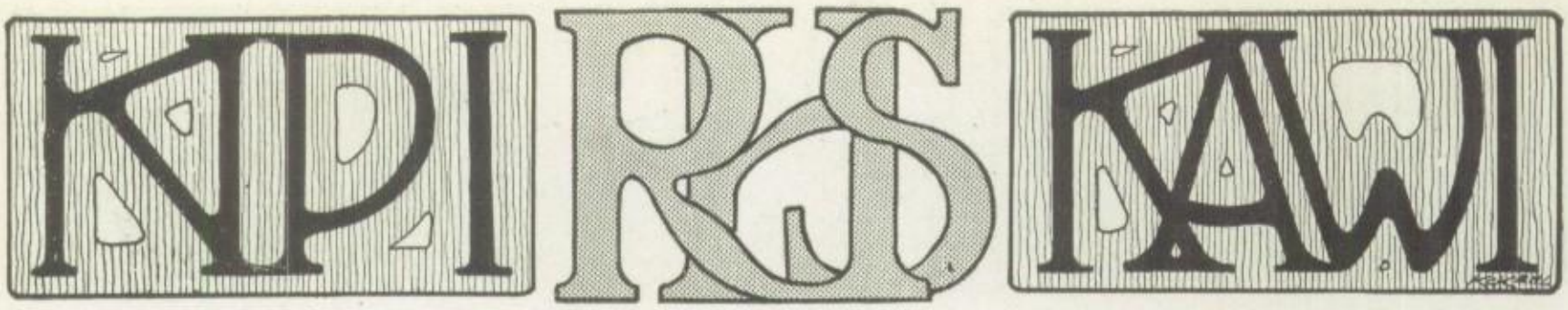
"Marguerite, you would not?" Hoarse now with despair was his voice. Glorious dawn flooded the room. The first vision had displaced the second. Away in the distance, on the Boulevard Saint Michel, the bells chimed six. The night had gone. Slowly the lovely lips opened — they were speaking —

(To be continued next year.)

—Bertha Ott, '22.

Does It Pay?

If you begin to study hard before it is too late,
You end up on the honor roll, or else become sedate.
But you never know the joy there is in 'passing by a hair,'
Or counting up your hours to see how much you have to spare,
Or going out on evenings when you've work at home to do,
Or trying when you're called on to get up and bluff it through.
It's great to have a lot of "E's" when all the grades are in,
To feel that, if it's brains that count, you have a chance to win.
But you're missing many pleasures and experiences too
That you'll never have a chance at when your four years here are through.
So you want to weigh up carefully your "F's" and "G's" and "E's,"



Of course it's wisest to avoid selecting
any "P's."
You're free to choose the ones you want
and when the choice is made,
You can just charge up to pleasure each
deficiency in grade.

— *Catherine Vance, '22.*

The Challenge of the Sea

Willow-the-Wisp rocked gently on the billowy waves of the sea. She was just an old derelict that had drifted at the mercy of the sea until someone had boarded her and dropped her anchor. Then tales of phantom ships and ghostly sails were revived and the old salts told stories of an ancient whaler that had once sailed in the Hudson Bay region. There came a terrible storm (probably because of the ghostly wickedness of her crew) and all the sailors lost their lives while trying to escape in life boats, but the ship did not sink. With her sails torn off, she had drifted on the sea for these many years and had been branded with the word *haunted*. From the little villages on the coast of Novia Scotia, she could be plainly seen, rocking with the tide. How bare and cold and naked she looked against the blue of the ocean and the grey of the sky!

In this little village there lived a boy of twelve, called Lars. On the high rocks overlooking the sea, he often lay and dreamed. When the sun sparkled on the waves and made them glisten like fresh pearls, he could often see a happy water child, smiling and beckoning him to play. But when he watched the sea, dark and sullen, burst into angry foam, he saw a monster creature, raging and mocking, daring him to come out. Well he knew that when he was out there, the demon would bury him in its bottomless depths, then laugh triumphantly and go on for another age. He hated the sea at these times, and once, when it had goaded him to fury, he had sprung up, clenched his hands, and cried, "Some day, you monster, I'll show you!"

No one in the village had ever been on the *Willow*, possibly because no one was interested, but more probably because ships that have weathered the sea for years without a crew, are peculiarly unpleasant. However, Lars, lying on the rocks and watching the old ship, wondered about it. He had often picked its crew and sat at the pilot's wheel. He could have easily reached it, because it lay less than a quarter of a mile from the rocky shore. Often he had said to himself, "Coward! Why don't you go out there?" But he well knew why he did not go; the sea hated him as he hated it. Already it had claimed his uncles, and his only brother lay somewhere in its clammy depths, while his father sat quietly at home, aged and saddened; so Lars feared the sea. That was the reason he did not accept its challenge.

One day as Lars dreamed on the rocks, he made the Great Discovery. At first he thought it was only part of his sea-dream; so he gazed and doubted what he saw. Nevertheless, when he sat with his sad-eyed father before the cheerful blaze in the cottage, he asked, "Father, does nobody ever go aboard the *Willow*?"

"No, my son, the *Willow* is only a skeleton. No one wants to go aboard her."

There was silence for a while, then anxiously, "You were not planning to go out to the *Willow*, my son?"

"No father, I only wondered."

It was always this; the merest mention of the sea brought that look of pain and fear to the poor man's eyes; yet he could not bear to be far from the restless monster.

So Lars was usually silent about such matters. But he had seen, and he was more watchful thereafter when he looked at the *Willow* rocking gently on the waves. He wondered, too, why she did not break the anchor chain that held her a prisoner, but when he questioned any of the old sailors up at the coast station, they only said that the *Willow* had grown tired of wandering.

One cold, clear night, Lars stood in the doorway of the cottage and watched the sky. The pale moon shone clear and ghostly in the sky, and a pale crimson wreath seemed to encircle it. Lars knew the sign; he could see old Captain Walt

at the station, nodding his bald head and saying, "It's going to blow tonight and blow hard." Then he looked down at the *Willow*, invisible except for the tiny light which Lars had seen every night and which confirmed his discovery. With a last look at the clear sky, he went in to the house with the incessant sound of the waves below murmuring in his ears.

The next morning when he had come out of the cottage, he looked at the angry waves, foaming and dashing in their wrath. Then he looked for the *Willow*, and looked again in vain. The *Willow* was gone! Straight through his heart went a chill that smote him like a knife. The sea seemed to rise up as the sneering monster and challenge him once again. Then Lars took the dare. He ran on wings of the wind to the coast station where Captain Walt was just emerging. "Captain Walt!" he panted. "The *Willow* is gone!"

The old sea captain regarded the boy quizzically; then he laughed. "I reckon you've sprung that one on me too often, lad. Besides I've told you the *Willow* has quit wandering."

"No, no! Look, where is she?" panted the boy as he pointed a trembling finger towards the grey expanse. The Captain looked, then said, "Well, I'll be—— ! Lad, it is true! But the sea will have its own, and it's none of our business when she takes it."

"Oh, Captain Walt, we must go after her!"

"Go after her? On this sea? Why boy, I believe you're ill. Come —"

"No, no, not for her, but ! someone is on the *Willow!*"

The old captain gasped, but he was a man who knew his duty. Then the feud of the ages was on.

As Lars stepped into the little coast-guard boat, he trembled and murmured a prayer. Then he raised his fist and whispered to the foaming waves, "Now, now, you beast!" For hours they cruised the angry sea, looking in vain for the ragged masts of the old derelict, the *Willow-the-Wisp*, for once more she had felt the wanderlust of the sea. It was miraculous how the rugged little boat stood the violence of the sea, cruising, as it seemed, in vain. At last Lars pointed a trembling finger and cried, "See, the *Willow!*"

Yes, the *Willow*, sinking slowly! and standing on it a figure holding in his arms a small bundle. . . . . When at last the stranger was in the boat, the three watched the *Willow* sink lower and lower until the foamy waves washed over her masts. The old derelict had found her rest at last.

When Lars and the Captain and the stranger were safe in the warm coast station, and the pale father of Lars clasped the dripping boy in his arms, the stranger told his story; how he, a government scientist, had made the deserted old ship his laboratory and observatory; how he had worked to perfect a delicate little instrument that would be invaluable to sailors; how, that night, the *Willow* broke her chain and drifted out to sea on her last trip. And when next Lars went to the rocks, he stood as a conquering hero might, and gazed, unafraid, at the sea, for he had accepted the challenge.

— *Ruth Mantell, '22.*

The Song Sparrow

There's a bird, that I know, of slight renown,
But one of the best;
He flies in a coat of modest brown
With stripes of gray in his vest.
When he sings to his mate from the tip of a tree.
His throat near burst with melody, —
"Sweet, sweet, sweet,
I'm bubbling over with cheer, —
Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Come over here, over here."

Let him fly where he will, he will never intrude,
On my love he may surely depend
For he helps keep the orchards of insects subdued,
And I'm proud I can call him my friend.
I banish my sorrows and troubles, and fling

My cares to the wind when I hear him
sing, —
"Sweet, sweet, sweet,
I'm bubbling over with cheer, —
Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Come over here, over here."

—*Harold E. Welker, '26.*

Kisses

For centuries people have endeavored to give an accurate definition of a kiss, one that would hold true in all cases, but up to the present time, they have failed utterly. In view of this fact, it might be well to consider what a kiss really is under different conditions, and in doing so, one discovers the following facts:

There are various types of kisses; these range all the way from the kiss of friendship to that of eternal love. The soul kiss is, perhaps, the most interesting. Kisses might easily be compared to apples and oranges, for they are, as they always have been, the sweetest fruit on the tree of love. A kiss might, however, be accompanied by a sensation of pain, for isn't a kiss the limit of agony to a bashful man? There are people who have been accused of stealing kisses, but such accusations are always false, for a kiss is that which one cannot take without giving, and which one cannot give without taking.

Kisses are peculiar due to the fact that they can be just enough, not enough, or too much; for instance, a kiss is just enough for two, not enough for three, and too much for one. A noted philosopher has said that two heads are better than one, and in the case of a kiss, his philosophy holds true. A kiss is a contradiction to the sense of taste, for it is something that is tasteless which becomes delicious in proportion as it is flavored with love. In the cases where a kiss carries with it that which is known to the human race as sound, the kiss might be defined either as a report at head quarters or as a telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "Sounding System."

Kisses enter into all phases of life; they play important parts in mathematics, English, and even in candy making. As illustrations of this fact, we can say in mathematics that a kiss is nothing divided by two; in English that this word is a noun, but is usually used as a conjunction, that it is never declined and is more common than proper, that it is not very singular in that it is generally used in the plural. As most people know, a kiss is a bit of confectionery wrapped in brown paper. A kiss also represents the three principal virtues, for to a married woman it is faith, to a girl hope, and to an old maid charity. People are usually annoyed when they have an itch which they cannot scratch, but those same people do not care when they cannot scratch the itchy sensation around their hearts which is produced as the direct result of a kiss.

In conclusion, it might be well to consider the definition of a kiss as given in the dictionary. *Webster's Unabridged* states that a kiss is a pressure of the lips; however, it does not take notice of the fact that a kiss is the only agreeable two-faced action under the sun — or moon. A summary of a kiss might, therefore, be given in this manner: "A kiss is that which is different according as the conditions are different, and the sensation which one gets depends wholly on the persons and the circumstances. "But in order to ascertain the true definition of a kiss, one must go through the ordeal himself, for a dictionary cannot do justice to a kiss, because words, in such a case, are meaningless.

—*Richard Smith, '22.*

ATHLETICS

First Team

KIPLIRS KAWI

The Light Weights

Football 1921

Although the number of candidates out for practice during the football season of 1921 was possibly the largest in many years, numbering at times about 65, still the prospects in September for a good year were not overly bright. With but one or two exceptions, the candidates were the rawest of raw material, and coaches Cox and Maxstead had hands full during the weeks of stiff workouts. Every team must at some time have its slump, and every school has at some time or other a bad year. In the season of 1921, the bird of ill-fortune perched on the banners of R. H. S. The defeats suffered by the team were the most heartbreaking defeats it is possible to imagine, but through it all the team showed a bull-dog tenacity to fight to the finish. In spite of the unfortunate outcome of some of the games, the fellows learned lessons of far greater benefit through defeat than they could have learned through victory. They learned to develop and practice qualities of courage, determination, co-operation, and self control, assets which make athletics valuable regardless of defeat or victory. Led by a new-found cheer leader who abounded in pep and snap, the students stood by the team at all times, and the feelings of the season were well expressed in the words, "We were beaten, but we fought until the last whistle blew."

The First Team

CAPTAIN BRECKENFELT: Mike didn't play much this year for which our opponents were thankful. But when there — 'nuff said.

CAPTAIN-ELECT MILLER: Eve played a whale of a game at half-back this year. He will be one of the mainstays next year.

FELIX BOYAK: Felix, playing his fourth and last year for R. H. S., held down his position in the manner in which only he can.

KENNETH KEHL: For fearless tackling and breaking up plays, Kehl was unsurpassed.

STEVE CUSHMAN: Fighting from start to finish characterizes Steve's playing.

PERRY THOMAS: Although new this year, Perry put up a good game throughout.

HERBERT FALKENRATH: "Butts" always played a steady, dependable game at guard.

DON WADEWITZ: In Don, we find Racine's typical sportsman.

Games

RACINE — ALUMNI.

Racine lost the first game of the season to the Alumni by the score of 3-0. This being merely a practice game, Coach Cox tried out many players.

RACINE—MILWAUKEE RIVERSIDE HIGH

Racine met its second reverse of the season at Milwaukee, losing to the strong Riverside High 13-0. Racine was handicapped by having a much lighter team than Milwaukee had.

RACINE — WEST ALLIS

West Allis, ever mindful of the heart-breaking defeat handed them last year, came to Racine determined to win. She did, but only after a desperate fight. Score 14-0.

RACINE — WALWORTH

Racine won its first game by defeating Walworth 42-13 in an easy game. Every man on the squad was given a chance, and all performed in an acceptable manner.

RACINE — BELOIT

Racine lost to Beloit 7-6. This was the only game that Racine lost that she absolutely should have won. Failure to kick the goal after the touchdown lost for Racine.

The Lightweights

The lightweights gave the first squad valuable practice, besides winning several games themselves; therefore, they deserve much credit.

The scores of their games are as follows:

Racine	7	West Allis	7
Racine	7	Panthers	0

Basketball 1921-22

Under the greatest basketball strategist of all time, Coach W. A. Cox, Racine has again produced a basketball team of the championship calibre. By means of the famous Racine short-pass game, and pivot, a squad which at first looked but mediocre developed into a team of the highest ability, a team with such a high degree of physical efficiency that it easily took third place in the sectional tournament. Coach Cox aims to promote athletics in the broadest sense, not only for the physical effect, but for its effect on the moral fibre of the individual. In the basketball team of 1921-22, Mr. Cox has realized his highest ideals and has produced a team not only supreme in the game itself but in the sportsmanship that makes the game worth while.

The First Team

CAPTAIN DON WADEWITZ: Don's able leadership and aggressive work at guard made him a captain worthy of the team and the school.

CAPTAIN-ELECT CHRISTIANSEN: Fighting until the final whistle blew was the style of Red's game.

GRAY LOUGHEAD: Gray with his speed and shooting ability earned for himself the respect of all his opponents.

BENNY FEDDERSEN: At center Benny outplayed every man pitted against him; yes, even Muhlick.

FLOYD SANDELIN: Sandy always dropped in a basket or two when they were needed, putting the game on ice for the old R. H. S.

HARLAN SNOKE: Harlan played a whale of a game at standing-guard, not allowing many to get behind him.

HERB. FALKENRATH: Herb also played standing-guard, a position which hindered him from starring, but which always helped make a wonderful game.

First Team

KIPLIRS KAWI

Only Captain Wadewitz, Sandelin, and Snoke are lost to the team for next year. With this year's experience and with Mr Cox to coach the team, a state championship does not look impossible.

Season's Games

RACINE—MILWAUKEE UNIVERSITY HIGH

Racine High School 1922 Basket Ball Team made its debut January 6 by defeating the fast Milwaukee University Team to the tune of 25 to 15. The feature of the game was the clever pass work, and the five men defense of the Black and Gold Aggregation.

RACINE — WAUWATOSA

The Black and Gold quintet showed its real speed to the members of the Wauwatosa Team by lacing them 28 to 23 Friday, January 13. The playing of our boys showed the results of clever coaching.

RACINE — SOUTH MILWAUKEE

The Basket Ball Team journeyed to South Milwaukee, January 14, to trim the Red and White Team. The long and fast sight-seeing trip to this berg did not dim the eyes of the boys of good old Racine, for they were victorious, being on the long end of the score, 19 to 14.

RACINE — FOND DU LAC

The R. H. S. Big Five left Racine for a three days' trip, playing its first game at Fond du Lac on January 27, where it met its first defeat of the season by a score of 14 to 17. The Black and Gold Coach did not train the boys for a combination dance and basket ball game. Our boys did not realize at first that they were dancing around a waxed floor, and by the time they got into their usual basket ball stride, it was too late for the Black and Gold score to be placed with the other victories.

RACINE — MARINETTE

The Racine players arrived Saturday, January 28, at Marinette with revenge in the eye, which the Northerners did not detect until the Black and Gold had rolled up a score of 20 to 2 in the first half, with our boys going easy. The final score showed Racine 31 and Marinette 12. The cagers felt better about their defeat at Fond du Lac upon considering the beating they gave Marinette.

RACINE — BELOIT

Racine High School Team took its second real jaunt in a visit to Beloit, February 3. It defeated the Fairies by the tune of 23 to 13. The game was fast and at no time were our boys in danger of defeat, due to the excellent work of the entire team.

RACINE — JANESVILLE

The Black and Gold lads left the Fairies for Janesville where, because they were so wild over their victory at Beloit, the Janesville cagers put them in a small gymnasium. Consequently, our boys, having been coached in the spacious McKinley Junior High Gymnasium, were 'cribbed, cabined, and confined.' Considering the handicap our fighters experienced in the small gymnasium, they made the opponent team realize it was fighting a real team for its victory in this game of 19 to 11.

RACINE — KENOSHA

The clever coach of the Racine High School Black and Gold Team had his boys pack their basket ball paraphernalia on February 10 for a trip to Kenosha. With them went staunch rooters to back up the heroes. Although our team lost by the score of 22 to 18, we felt no disgrace. Much credit is due the Kenosha team for beating Racine High School for the first time in years.

RACINE — SHEBOYGAN

On February 17, the Sheboygan High School team came to Racine for revenge which it did not get. It received instead a drubbing by the score of 24 to 17 by the hands of the Black and Gold Fighting Five. It was a well-played game and our fighters deserved the support of all the students of the school. Those who were not present missed a very exciting evening. The floor work and shooting were excellent indeed. Three cheers for the Black and Gold boys!

RACINE — WEST ALLIS

On the night of February 23, the Black and Gold basket ball players defeated the West Allis quintet by a score of

Second Team

Junior Team

28 to 12. The West Allis Five had been reported as one of the strongest teams in this part of the state, but it was unable to penetrate the defense of the R.H.S. Team. The passing and shooting of the Racine boys electrified the audience and we were in danger of losing the game at no time.

Class Tournament

The class basketball tournament was held at the Stephen Bull School the week before the Christmas holidays. The upper classmen showed too strong for the lower classmen, and the final game for championship was between the Seniors and Juniors. The Juniors playing a splendid game, defeated the Seniors. This tournament was held for the purpose of developing material for the first and second school teams.

The Second Team

The second team deserves a great deal of credit for the work it did during the season. It had a record of winning all but two games. It also gave the first squad good practice.

Personnel of Second Team

EVAN MILLER, Captain
WALLACE LOOMIS
IRVING SCHROEDER
ORRIN LOOMIS
CARL STELLBERG
BYRON JONES
CARLTON HILKER
HAROLD STUPECKY
EUGENE CHRISTMAN
MELVIN TIDYMAN
ALLAN VROOMAN
IRVING BRECKENFELD

Spring Athletics

Golf and tennis were developed this year to open a broader field of activities to the student body. With these sports ably directed by the coaching staff, Racine has gained an enviable place in the field of athletics. The work this year has shown that it is possible for a school to shine in more than one sport and it is hoped that the spring athletics will be developed to the high stage of perfection reached by the football and basketball teams representing R. H. S.

Girls' Athletics

Girls' Hockey

Hockey practice was begun October 5th at Lewis Field. The girls were taught a great deal about hockey technique and rules by both Miss Rigg and Miss Kindley.

The captains for the girls' hockey teams were as follows:

Seniors.....VERNA SOMMERS
Juniors.....MARION MILLSTEAD
Sophomores.....DAGMAR CHRISTENSON
Freshmen.....ALICE GILDAY

The hockey tournament opened December 15th, when the Freshies defeated the Sophs with a score of 3-0. The Freshmen who made goals were Alice Gilday (one), and Irene Lane (two).

The next game, played by the Juniors, ended with a score of 4-0 in favor of the Seniors. Carolyn Truelsch and Verna Sommers each scored two goals for their side.

Then the two winning teams, the Freshmen and the Seniors fought for final class honors. The Seniors won the game 5-0. The goal scorers were Lorraine Olle (two), Carolyn Truelsch (two), and Verna Sommers (one).

As a special treat, the Seniors played a game against the Faculty, and succeeded in running off with the honors, leaving the score 3-1. Miss Rigg scored the goal for the Faculty while Verna Sommers, Lorraine Olle, and Carolyn Truelsch built up their score.

The Senior line-up was as follows:

CAROLYN TRUELSCH.....Center Forward
LORRAINE OLLE.....Right Inside
MONA VOLKERT.....Right Outside
HELEN MOORE.....Left Inside
VERNA SOMMERS (Capt.).....Left Half
LAURA SCHACHT.....Center Half
ELIZABETH WALKER.....Right Half
RUTH MANTELL.....Left Half
MYRTLE LICTENFELDT.....Right Back
ESTHER JOHNSON.....Left Back
KATHERINE JONES.....Goal Keeper

Basket Ball

The girls of all classes showed that they had real peppy school spirit by

Seniors

Forwards
- Lorraine Olle
- Martha Hood, (Capt.)

Jumping Center
- Grace Cahoon

Subs
- Ruth Mantell
- Laura Schacht
- Catherine Jones

Guards
- Ruth Kristerius
- Delta Sorenson

Running Centers
- Elizabeth Walker
- Ione Johnson

Juniors

Forwards
- Helen Porter
- Pearl Voss
- Margaret Wherry

Guards
- Olive Larson
- Jean Murphy
- Eleanor Kimpel

Subs
- Fern Nelson
- Ruth Christensen
- Nodeane Hulett
- Agnes Skow

Jumping Center
- Marjorie Naleid

Running Centers
- Pearl Wichern
- Betty Bacon (Capt.)

Sophomores

Forwards
MARGARET OWEN
JEANNETTE RODGERS
Subs
JANE GREY
DOROTHY ANDERSON
Guards
KATHERINE GILDAY
DOROTHY PATTERSON
Jumping Center
DAGMAR CHRISTENSON (Capt.)
Running Centers
LUCILLE WIECHERS
CLARA NELSON

Freshmen

Forwards
GRACE SCHULTZ
ALICE GILDAY (Capt.)
Guards
THORA SKOW
THELMA JACOBSON
Jumping Center
GRACE PORTER
Running Centers
ALICE FIELD
BERNICE OLSON
Subs
EVELYN ARMSTRONG
JOE FAGAN

practicing basket ball for several weeks at the Gilbert Knapp School. Miss Kindley coached the Seniors every Monday night and the Freshmen every Wednesday night after school. The Juniors turned out faithfully Thursdays with Louise Cahoon, '21, as their coach; Cecile Stoffel, '21, coached the Sophomores each Tuesday after school. The girls went into this game with such splendid spirit that they deserve much credit.

The captains of the teams were as follows:

Seniors.....MARTHA HOOD
Juniors.....ELIZABETH BACON
Sophomores.....DAGMAR CHRISTENSON
Freshmen.....ALICE GILDAY

The tournament opened Monday, January 30th, when the Freshmen competed against the Sophomores. The teams were evenly matched and no score was made until the second quarter. The game ended with a score of 6-3 in favor of the Sophs.

January 31st the Juniors met the Sophomores in a tournament game at the Gilbert Knapp School. The game was an exciting one at times, but the Juniors kept the lead from the start. At the close of the game the Juniors had won with a score of 17-9.

The following Thursday the Seniors played an easy game against the Freshmen, winning with a score of 31-7.

An exciting fight was participated in by the Sophomores and Seniors February 7; the score at the close of the game being 14-9 in favor of the Seniors.

February 8 marked the date of the final combat. The Seniors clashed against the Juniors while the beautiful silver loving cup remained at stake. It would be difficult to say which team had the best players, for when the final whistle blew, the score-board showed the score to be 22-21. The Seniors were the victors.

Junior Volley Ball

ORGANIZATIONS

The Enicar

The past year has brought many changes to the *Enicar*. Among the first of these was a new Faculty Adviser, Miss Paton of the English department. Her previous experience in staff work made her a very valuable addition and her advice proved invaluable. However, Miss Paton left at the end of the first semester to become Supervisor of English for the grammar schools and the *Enicar* was again without an adviser.

A new policy was also adopted at this time. The staff had previously been elected at the beginning of each school year. Many Seniors, of course, were usually elected. When the time came for *Kipikawi* elections, none of the Seniors on the Enicar staff were eligible for the *Kipikawi* nominations. To remedy this, the staff decided to hold the elections annually at the end of the first semester, and also that all Seniors on the old staff would not run for renomination. The staff then resigned, and a new staff was elected, which will serve until next January.

The old staff which resigned, brought out many fine numbers, and their work is to be highly commended. The personnel follows:

Staff

Editor ..... Wilmer Davis
Assoc. Editor ..... James Anderson
Literary Editor ..... Ruby Jorgensen
Art Editor ..... Kenneth Kehl
Humor Editor ..... Harold Konnak
Echange Editor ..... Eleanor Burgess
Alumni Editor ..... Katherine Vance
News Editor ..... Rose Mantell

Reporters

Boys' Athletics ..... Kenford Nelson
Girls' Athletics ..... Pearl Wichern
Senior Reporter ..... Randolph Kruel
Junior Reporter ..... Henry Vance
Sophomore Reporter ..... Clyde Mehder

Business Department

Business Manager ..... Colville Owen
Asst. Business Mgr. ... Winfield Foster
Advertising Mgr. ... Theodore Clausen
Distributing Mgr. ..... Edna Guenther
Asst. Distributing Mgr. ... Wm. Chadwick
Mechanical Manager ... Lester Naleid
Typist ..... Richard Smith
Faculty Adviser ... Florence E. Paton

ENICAR

The new staff which was elected soon, swung into stride and produced interesting numbers. Miss Freund, succeeding Miss Paton in the English department, became the adviser and materially aided the staff members with timely criticisms. The new staff which will hold office until January next is composed of the following:

Staff

Managing Editor ..... HAROLD KONNAK
Editorial Writer ..... KENFORD NELSON
Literary Editor ..... PEARL WICHERN
Art Editor ..... JANE COLLIER
Humor Editor ..... PERRY THOMAS
Exchange Editor ..... RAYMOND ROBINSON
Alumni Editor ..... TRAVERSE HAND
News Editor ..... JO DIETRICH

Reporters

Boys' Athletics ..... LEON SHUTTER
Girls' Athletics ..... BETTY BACON
Class of 1922 ..... WILFRED HOLZ
Class of 1923 ..... JOHN HIGGINS
Class of 1924 ..... JANICE COOK
Class of 1925 ..... MILO HENKE

Business Department

Business Manager ..... FRANK DIETER
Asst. Bussines Mgr. ..... HENRY VANCE
Advertising Manager ..... WILLIAM BROWN
Distributing Mgr. ..... THEODORE CLAUSEN
Asst. Dist. Manager ..... ROBERT ZELLMAN
Mechanical Manager ..... LESTER NALIED
Typist ..... MELVIN GRUHN
Faculty Adviser ..... MARIE FREUND

Here are some of the accomplishments of the Enicar staff:

1. Sent twelve delegates to journalistic convention at Madison, November 24, 25, and 26. The Enicar held the presidency of the Central Interscholastic Press Association, a national organization.

2. Published seventeen issues of sixteen pages each, a total of 272 pages. The issue came out semi-monthly.

3. Bought a beautiful quarter-sawed oak staff table with twelve chairs. The table was used for "round-table" discussions.

4. Financed itself during the whole year, making a slight profit despite the hard times.

5. Lowered its subscription price from sixty to thirty cents, a fifty per cent cut, and still made money!

6. Promoted school spirit, gave place for general discussions, and furnished instruction and amusement to its 800 subscribers.

7. Was printed by students in printing under the capable direction of Mr. Sidney Anderson, the instructor in printing.

8. Was published, printed, managed, and controlled entirely by the students of Racine High School.

KIPIKAWI

Clubs

"Dad!" exclaimed Natalie resentfully, "is it necessary that Bob occupy the best place for writing all of the time?"

"But can't you understand," broke in Bob loftily, "that what I'm doing is important? I'm writing up some of the clubs for the *Kipikawi*." Bob said this in a tone that implied finality.

"Well, "Natalie retorted, "you needn't feel so big about it, for that's exactly what I'm going to do. I've been asked to write up the Freshman Club, probably because I'm the president."

Wondering what could be the cause of all this commotion, mother came into the room. Dad put his arm around her and meditated a moment before he replied to her questioning look.

"They are writing reports on the boys' and girls' clubs in the school for the *Kipikawi*. Do you remember when our Hi-Y entertained your G. G. L. Club and later how you helped me write the account for the *Kipikawi*?"

"Indeed I do," replied his wife warmly. "And," she continued, "do you remember the party we gave you in return?"

"I shall never forget it, nor any of the other good times we had in our high school days."

Bob and Natalie had become so interested in Mother's and Dad's reminiscences that at the first possible moment, Natalie chimed in, "Won't you please tell us about your clubs, everything they did, and the parties they had?"

"And haven't you a '22 *Kipikawi*?" questioned Bob. "You could show us their pictures."

"You bet we have," replied Dad.

"I'll go and get it," mother rejoined enthusiastically.

With the *Kipikawi* in his lap, his sweetheart wife at his side, and his two children grouped before him, Dad opened the book to the Clubs Department and began to read:

"THE HI-Y CLUB

"The Hi-Y Club, throughout the school year of 1921-1922 was very successful. Club meetings were held every Monday night. At these meetings, about forty boys turned out to enjoy a meal and lots of fun. Some meetings were

devoted entirely to business while others were spent in having a good time.

"The Hi-Y was responsible for some of the most successful mass meetings that were held during the year. Whenever an athletic assembly was required, the Hi-Y responded and put on some appreciated programme.

"At various times, the boys entertained the girls of the G. G. L. CLUB, and at all these parties, the girls as well as the boys, were satisfied.

"Perhaps the greatest work of the organization in the school this year was the promotion of the Carnival. The success of the Carnival was due largely to the co-operation of the Hi-Y and G. G. L. Clubs. The purpose of the Carnival was to raise money to get the football sweaters to award to the season's players. Enough money was taken in, and the sweaters were purchased.

"One of the results of the Carnival was the Football Banquet. With the promise of sweaters, a banquet was arranged for by the Hi-Y. Special committees were appointed and each did its part to make its work a success. The Franklin Junior High School was procured for the purpose. The officers of the Hi-Y Club were as follows:

President: WILMER DAVIS
Vice President: WILLIS HAUMERSON
Secretary: CLYDE MEHDER
Treasurer: HARVARD CARROLL"

"That was a splendid record for your club, but the G. G. L. Club made a very good record that year, also. Suppose you read the account of that Club to us now," suggested mother. Dad agreed and read on:

"G. G. L. CLUB

The G. G. L. Club has been very successful in carrying out its purpose and work this school year, 1921-22. It was organized on the Girl Reserve programme and, consequently, was an active factor of that organization.

"At the beginning of the year, four committees were appointed, a definite work being assigned each committee.

"Under the supervision of the Membership Committee and its chairman, Edna Gunther, a campaign was conducted which resulted in a great increase in membership over previous years. The established Girl Reserve Recognition Service was used to receive the new

members and each member was required to adopt this purpose:

'The purpose of the G. G. L. Club shall be to promote the physical, social, moral, and spiritual welfare of the girls of their school through the creation and extension of the higher standards of Christian character. As a member, I will strive to be

Gracious in manner
Impartial in judgment
Ready for service
Loyal to friends

Reaching towards the best
Earnest in purpose
Seeing the beautiful
Eager for knowledge
Reverent to God
Victorious over self
Ever dependable
Sincere at all times.'

"For service work at Thanksgiving time, the Club decided to contribute toward food for a large needy family. They were very successful in this work owing to the diligent work of the Service Committee and its chairman, Elizabeth Walker. At Christmas time, sewing was done for the Central Association.

"The Programme Committee and its chairman, Verna Sommers, planned the programme for each meeting. At various times, programmes were arranged for weeks in advance of presentation.

"Parties, hikes, and other activities were planned and executed with very pleasing results. This was due to the efforts of the Social Committee and its chairman, Lorraine Olle.

"The Carnival given in December was a great factor in the work of the G. G. L. Girls this year. Their joint co-operation with the High-Y Boys proved to be a great help toward the success of the Carnival.

"By giving programmes and holding candy sales in the school, enough money was raised to send fifteen delegates to the Girl Reserves Convention at Madison in February.

The officers of the club were

President: FLORENCE GAISER
Vice President: GRACE CAHOON
Secretary: MONA VOLKERT
Treasurer: RUBY JORGENSON
Faculty Adviser: MISS GROVER"

"Isn't that a splendid record, Bob?" said Natalie to her brother. And to her mother, "Was there a Freshman Girls' Club, too, Mother?" And when the mother said there was, Natalie encouraged Dad to read the account to them; so he read on:

"THE G. M. CLUB

"In a cozy room in the Y. W. C. A.,
'Bout thirty girls are wont to play.
They meet on Tuesdays, so they say,
Twice for work, and twice for play.
Their purpose is Service, their meetings are fun;
They have jolly times when all work is done.
They call it G. M., which means *Golden Moon,*
But they'll be members of the G. G. L. soon.
Josephine Fagan they chose for a leader,
Then Alice George, in case they might need her.
Margaret Jones, they chose secretary,
And Catherine Corse, the Financial Fairy.
They drew up a constitution, too,
And once a week two cents is due.
Miss West is the person who gives them advice,
Who plans games and parties just plumb full of spice.

President: JOSEPHINE FAGAN
Vice President: ALICE GEORGE
Secretary: MARGARET JONES
Treasurer: CATHERINE CORSE"

"We hold our meetings on Tuesdays, too, and the name is still G. M.," commented Natalie.

"Say, Dad," put in Bob, "was there a younger boys' club at the High School, then? Seems to me I've heard about one."

"Oh, you refer to the Freshman Hi-Y, I suppose? Yes, here it is."

KIPLIRS KAWI

"FRESHMAN HI-Y

"PURPOSE: The purpose of the Freshman Hi-Y shall be to promote clean speech, clean living, clean athletics, and to sponsor the right kind of school spirit.

"The Club met every Monday noon at the Y. M. C. A. where a programme was given for the members.

"The officers were as follows:

President: RICHARD CHADWICK
Vice President: ALLEN HAWKINS
Secretary: JAMES WILSON
Treasurer: RICHARD CALLENDER
Faculty Adviser: MR. WORUM"

"Say, Natalie," said Bob in a puzzled voice as he looked at the picture of the club, "where have we seen that face before?"

"Why, that's Mr. D——," answered his sister. He spoke at one of our mass meetings not long ago."

"Yes," put in Dad, "he is one of the rising men of the city."

"I'll bet he remembered to live up to the purpose of his High School Club," said Bob to his mother.

By this time Natalie had turned the page to glance ahead. "Oh, here's the M. M. Club," she exclaimed, "do let me read it to you." She read as follows:

"THE M. M. CLUB

"The Sophomore girls of the High School organized a club in the fall. The club was organized on the Girl Reserve plan and, in the spring, because many of the members had become Juniors, they automatically became members of the G. G. L. Club. Consequently, they adopted the purpose of that club. Before the club was dissolved, the officers were as follows:

President: ROSE KOMINSKY
Vice President: ROSE WAISMAN
Secretary: GRACE SUMPTER
Treasurer: ERNESTINE MORTENSON
Adviser: MISS MAUDE WEST"

SPANISH CLUB

"Miss Grover, the adviser of the G. G. L. Club, had charge of the Spanish Club too, and was my Spanish teacher," said mother.

"I've been wondering whether I should take Spanish for my foreign language next year," mused Natalie.

"I think you'd better take it," suggested Bob, "this account of their club sounds like good times; and they might be even better now. See how you like it:"

"THE SPANISH CLUB

"The Spanish Club was organized in October and included only about thirty students taking second and third year Spanish. The meetings were held every other Thursday in the McMynn Auditorium at 4:15 o'clock. The programmes were interesting and often unique. These programmes consisted of Spanish recitations, songs, and solos, reading on the Spanish costumes, and a study of various countries of Spanish-speaking people. The Club sponsored a delightful party in honor of Washington's birthday; the chief feature of this party was a Spanish dance by Norma Prostrednick. During the second semester, the club met at the homes of various members. The dues were five cents for each meeting.

"The officers of the club were as follows:

First Semester

President: FRANK DIETER
Vice President: WILFRED HOLZ
Secretary: ELEANOR SACKRIDER
Treasurer: RUTH MANTELL
Programme Chairman: ROBERT BANE

Second Semester

President: ROBERT BANE
Vice President: WILFRED HOLZ
Secretary: EMIL MAUEL
Treasurer: ROBBINS FOSTER
Programme Chairman: BEATRIX BUELL
Faculty Adviser: MISS GROVER"

As Bob handed the *Annual* to his sister, something dropped on the floor.

"Well! What do you suppose," laughed Father, "here's a picture we took on one of our hikes with the Camera Club. Natalie, what does it say of the Camera Club in the *Kipikawi?*"

"I'll read it to you," was the reply.

"THE CAMERA CLUB

The purpose of the Camera Club is to promote the interest of Camera work, in the High School, and is carried out by having hikes and picnics at which picture-taking is the main feature.

President: RUBY JORGENSON
Vice President: WILFRED HOLZ
Secretary & Treasurer: ROSE MANTELL
Faculty Adviser: MISS PORTER"

"I think I'd love to take pictures if I could go with the Camera Club," finished Natalie.

"Dad," said Mother, "do you remember the busy time Miss Harvey had of it that year?"

"Why, yes," Dad replied; "she was the adviser for the clubs her civics classes organized, was she not? What does the *Kipikawi* say of these clubs?"

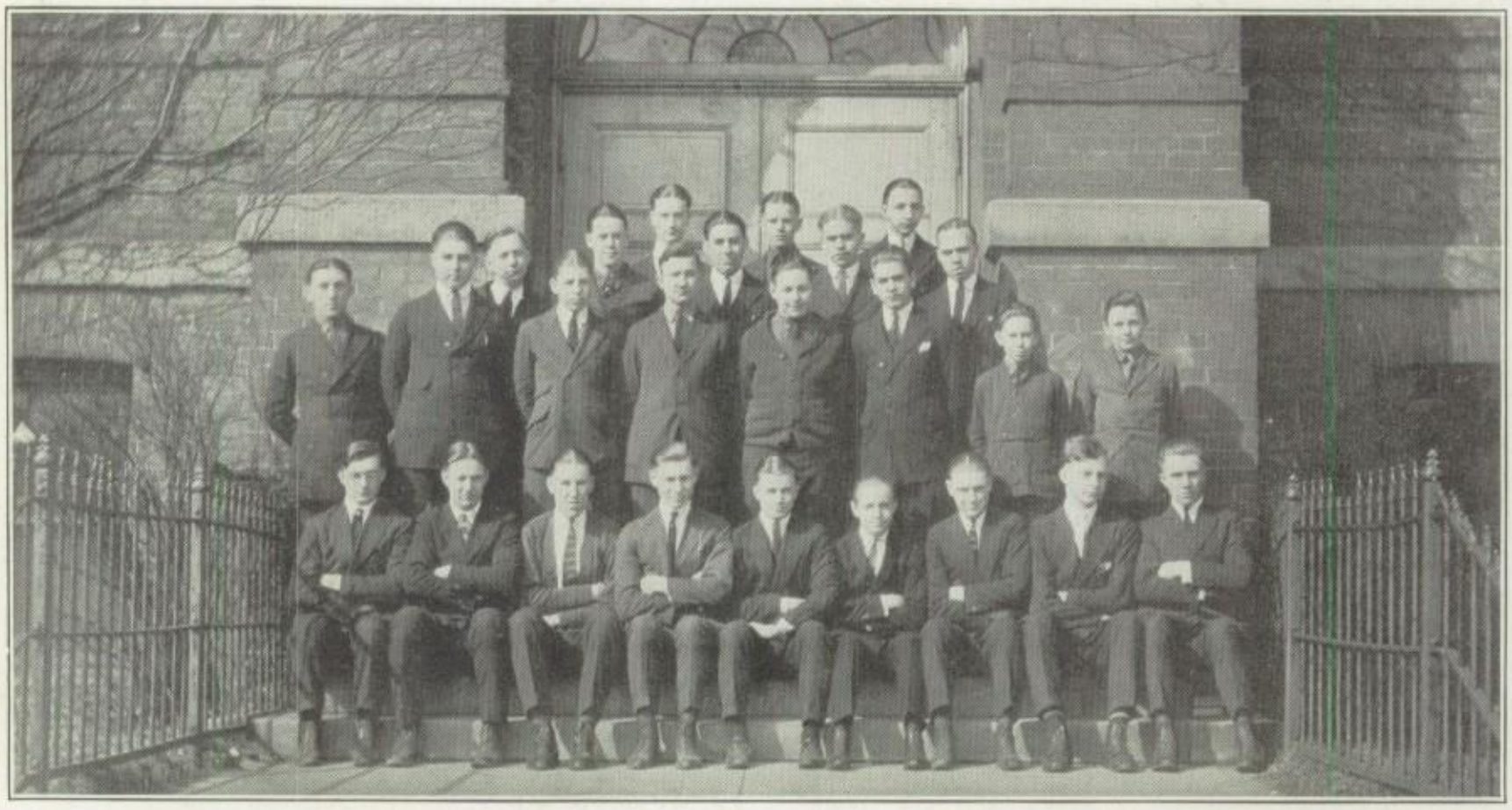
"CIVICS CLUBS

"The clubs in Miss Harvey's civics classes are organized to awaken interest in active citizenship. Meetings are held every Friday, and are conducted with due care for parliamentary procedure. The aim of these meetings is to train the members to conduct a meeting correctly and to dispose of business rapidly.

"But the higher aim is to produce the type of citizen that can play his part fearlessly, yet at the same time be considerate of the opinions of others, thus making an organization truly democratic rather than allowing it to be ruled by a few. Good club spirit aids in the cultivation of courteous manners, while the programmes give an opportunity for public speaking and debate.

'As a practical demonstration of their interest in public welfare, the civics clubs instituted a thrift campaign to gather up old clothing, furniture, and dishes. These things were taken to the Thrift Shop and sold for the benefit of the Milk Fund and the Baby Clinic. Helen Green headed the committee in charge, while Florence Buerk was secretary and treasurer. A chairman who had power to enlist ten aids was appointed for each ward while Stephen Cushman collected as head of the Motor Corps.

KIPIRS KAWI



Citizens' Welfare Club

President: IDA VINCENT
Vice President: HAROLD BUHER
Sec. & Treas.: GLADYS PETERSON

Citizens' Civics Club

President: DOROTHY LA LONDE
Vice President: ELLEN DAVIES
Secretary: GILDARD KONZ
Treasurer: ORRIN LOOMIS

American Club

President: HARRY TURNER
Vice President: MINNIE THOMPSON
Sec. & Treas.: EMILY LEWIS

Lincoln Civics Club

President: JAMES BLACKBURN
Vice President: GEORGE DIETRICH
Secretary: HENRY VANCE
Treasurer: LEO JENSEN

"The following clubs were organized on the same principle as the civics clubs. However, being clubs organized by the Economics classes, they lasted but one semester.

P. D. Q. Club

President: MARVIN HINTZ
Vice President: CLINTON MILLS
Secretary: FLORENCE GAISER
Treasurer: BERNHARD STRAND

T. L. T. Club

President: GEORGE DIETRICH
Vice President: THEODORE RUFFALO
Secretary: ALICE MATSON
Treasurer: FLOYD SANDELIN"

"Really, it must have been very nice to be a member of one of Miss Harvey's Clubs, don't you think so, Bob?"

"Well, I should say it would be, Natalie," was the enthusiastic reply. "By the way, Dad, the new supervisor of music said that she was a member of the Orchestra and Glee Club of '22. Were they very big organizations at the time?"

"I should say they were," replied his father and, handing him the book, "you might read what the *Kipikawi's* opinion of them was."

"Oh, read it to me, Bob," begged his sister. And so Bob read as follows:

"THE GLEE CLUB

"The Glee Clubs, under the supervision of Miss Lillian Watts, have always played a large part in the school activities, and this year has been no exception.

"The aim of the Glee Clubs has been to train in the appreciation of music, to train in memory work, to teach part-singing and to develop initiative.

"Tuesday was set aside as Appreciation Day, and the history of music from its crudest beginnings up to the present day was studied.

"To develop the initiative of the members, a programme was given every Friday. The programme was planned and executed by the members of the Glee Club. Special programmes were given to celebrate each holiday. This year, the Glee Club celebrated Thanksgiving, Christmas, National Week of Song, Americanization Week, and Lincoln's and Washington's birthday. The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs sometimes combined to give these programmes, but more often they prepared them separately. A joint programme was given in April by the Glee Clubs and the Orchestra at the Franklin School Auditorium.

"The Glee Clubs have added greatly to interest in the assemblies. Owing to the large size of the Clubs, Seniors and Juniors were given preference in these programmes.

"The end toward which both Glee Clubs strive is the production of an opera late in the school year. Plans have been made to give an opera entitled *The Hermit of Hawaii*, by Penn, this year.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

President: ARTHUR OLSON
Vice President: HARLAN SNOKE
Sec. & Treas.: FRANK WORTHINGTON
Librarian: DAVID BUCHTA

Girls' Glee Club

President: MARJORIE SVOBODA
Vice President: KATHERINE JONES
Sec. & Treas.: DELTA SORENSON
Librarian: LORRAINE OLLE"

"You might read of the Orchestra, too," mother suggested. And this is what Bob read:

"THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

"The High School Orchestra was organized this year on a much larger scale and with a much more complete instrumentation than ever before in the history of the Racine High School. Under the direction of Frederick Schulte, it has made rapid progress, and is already doing work that would compare favorably with many professional organizations.

"The orchestra has lent a great deal of added interest to all school activities; having given programmes at many of the Wednesday morning mass meetings at the Rialto Theatre, and also assisting at school plays, banquets, etc. As a special feature for the programmes at the mass meetings, there has been a soloist presented on each of these occasions, this soloist always being a member of the orchestra.

"The school may well feel proud of this organization, and it is hoped that the enthusiasm now prevailing will continue so that even a much higher standard may be attained."

"But, my dear children," said Dad to Bob and Natalie, as his son finished reading, "this isn't writing up clubs for your *Annual.*"

"I know, Dad," replied his daughter, "but, really, my head is just plumb full of ideas."

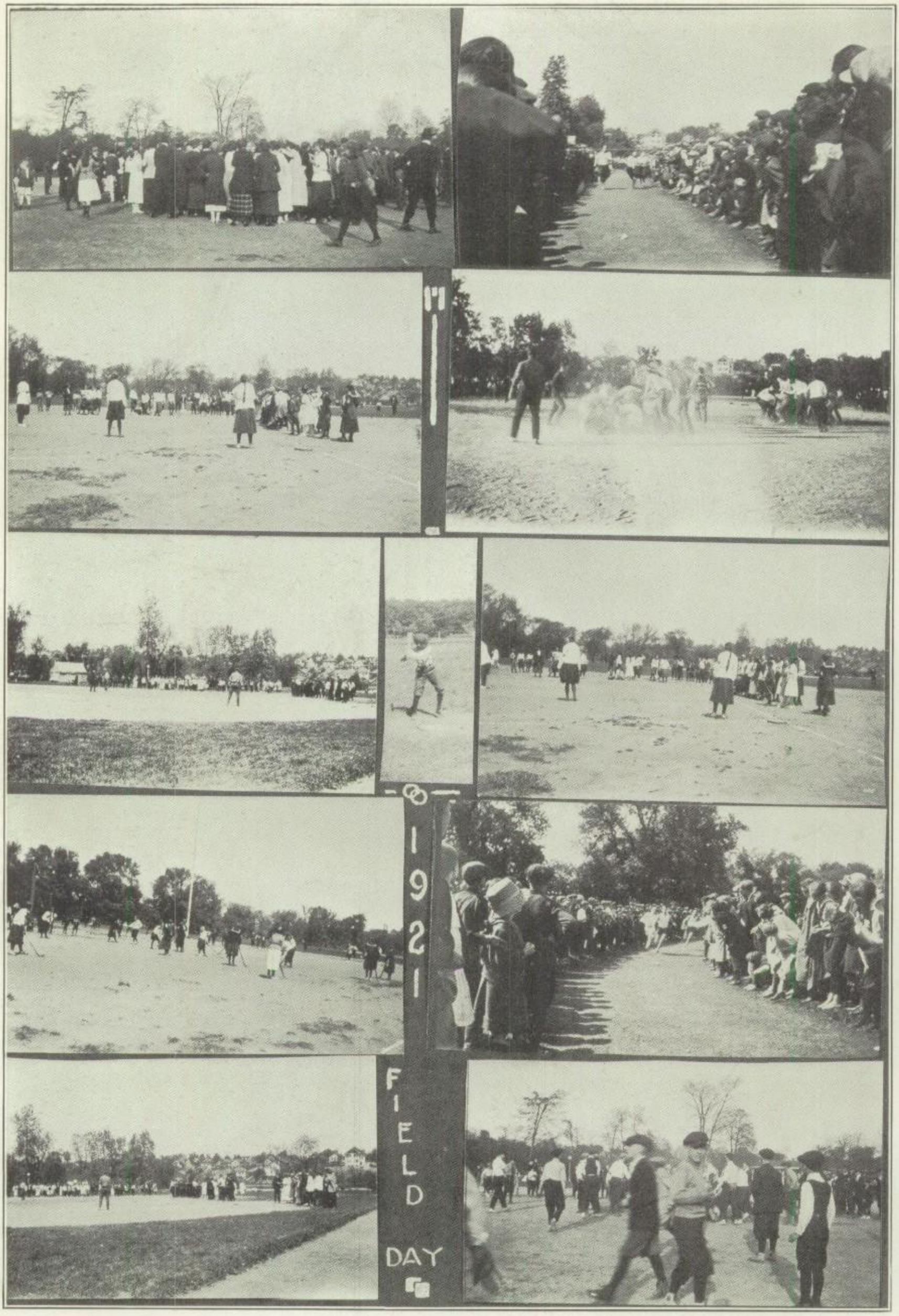
Then, strange to say, she forgot that Bob had occupied the best place for writing, and with plenty of paper and a pencil she seated herself on a large pillow before the fireplace, allowing Bob, who returned to his work with new enthusiasm, to occupy the disputed place of comfort unmolested. And Dad and Mother? They read again with renewed interest the *Kipikawi* of their high school days.

BIRD CLUB OFFICERS

KIPI RUS KAWI

THE ADMIRABLE CRICKTON presented by the Dramatic classes.

PASTE YOUR SENIOR PLAY PROGRAM HERE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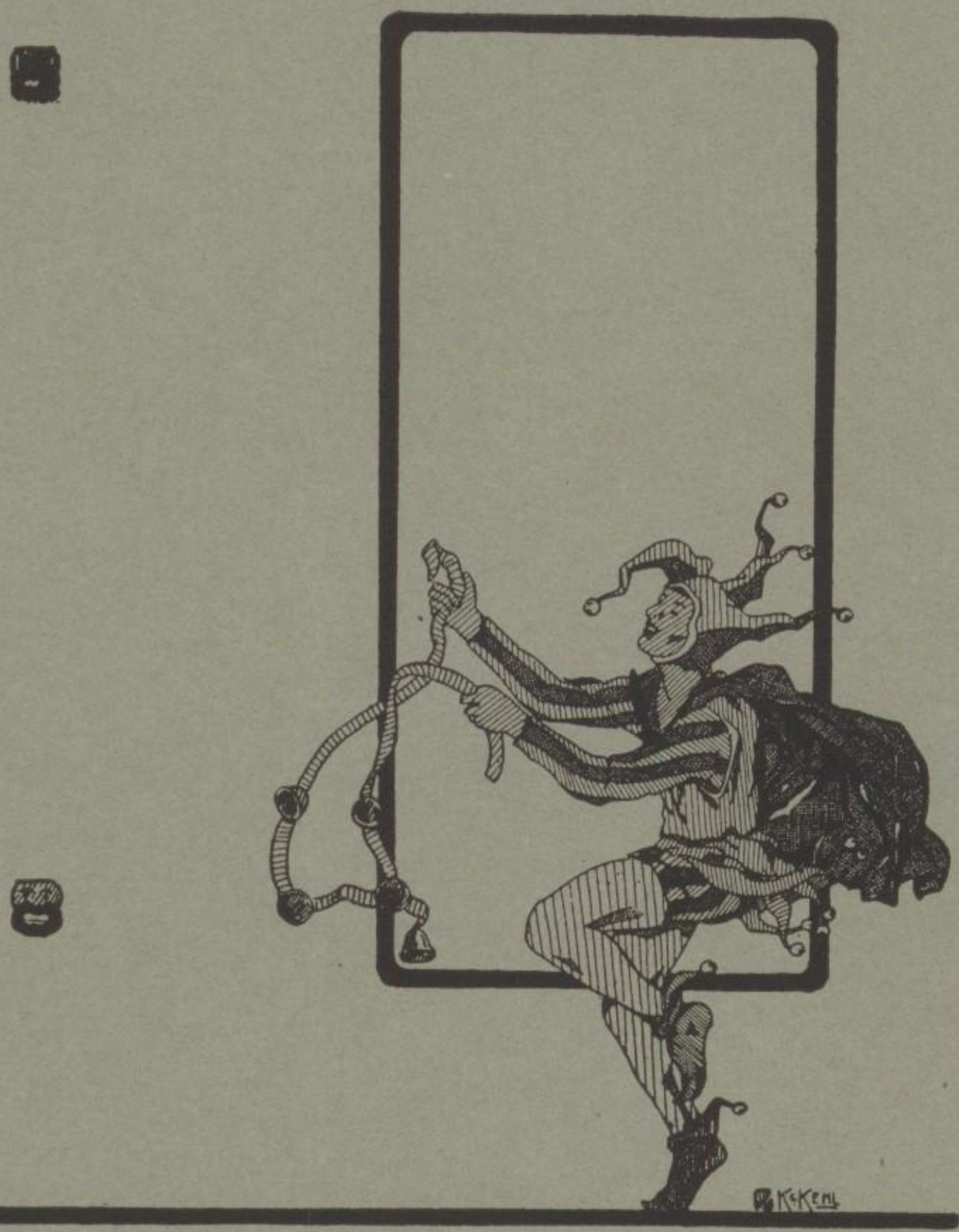
DAY



SATIRE

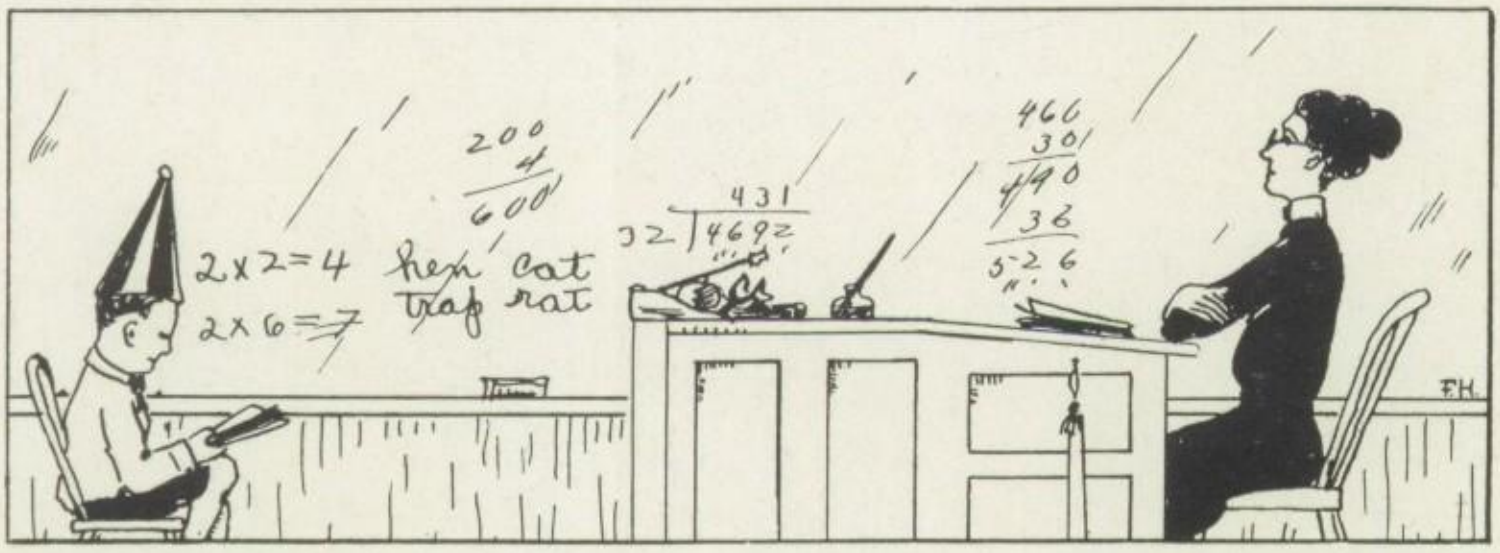
KIPI RS KAWI

Ye Humorous Kipi

Dedication

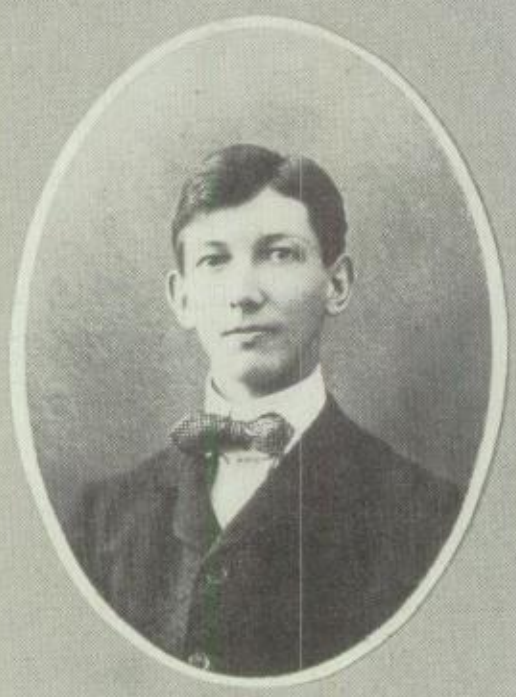
We dedicate Ye Humorous Kipi—
To every little wrinkle
On every grouch's head,
So there will be less wrinkles
When that old grouch is dead,
To every little hair of grey
Turned grey through work or care,
Or to some head less fortunate
That hasn't any hair,
To all the struggling freshmen
That over lessons sigh —
They'll need a lot of humor
To get through Racine High, —
To every little frown or scowl,
To every little sigh,
To every little tear that falls
From anybody's eye.
The purpose of our *Kipi* is
To make the saddest laugh,
And to reduce the frown and scowls
And tears and such by half.

FACULTY



SATIRE

This section is humbly dedicated to the Faculty and Benjamin Turpin in grateful appreciation of their endeavors to increase our sense of the humorous.



KIPI RS KAWI

Seniors

TED LARSON

Here's to the upright and honored Ted
Larson,
He's wise as an owl and looks just like a
parson.
He got some strong glasses and said he
could see
The angle a small flea's hair made with
the flea.

RUTH KRISTERIUS

Our Ruth believes most steadfastly,
In lots of exercise;
But this is true
That I tell you,
It's mostly with her eyes.

DICK SMITH

Wonderful Book the *Kipi* is;
The Seniors get the fame
The printer gets the money,
But the editor gets the blame.

EDITH KOVAR

Edith Kovar the wife of an agronomist
will be,
And will raise many chickens scien-
tifically.

ROSE AND MONA

All the people dead who wrote it!
All the people dead who spoke it,
Rose and Mona try to learn it,
Happy death! They surely earn it!

COLVILLE OWEN

If he received the honors,
He thought were quite his due,
There wouldn't be many honors left,
When Colville O. was through.

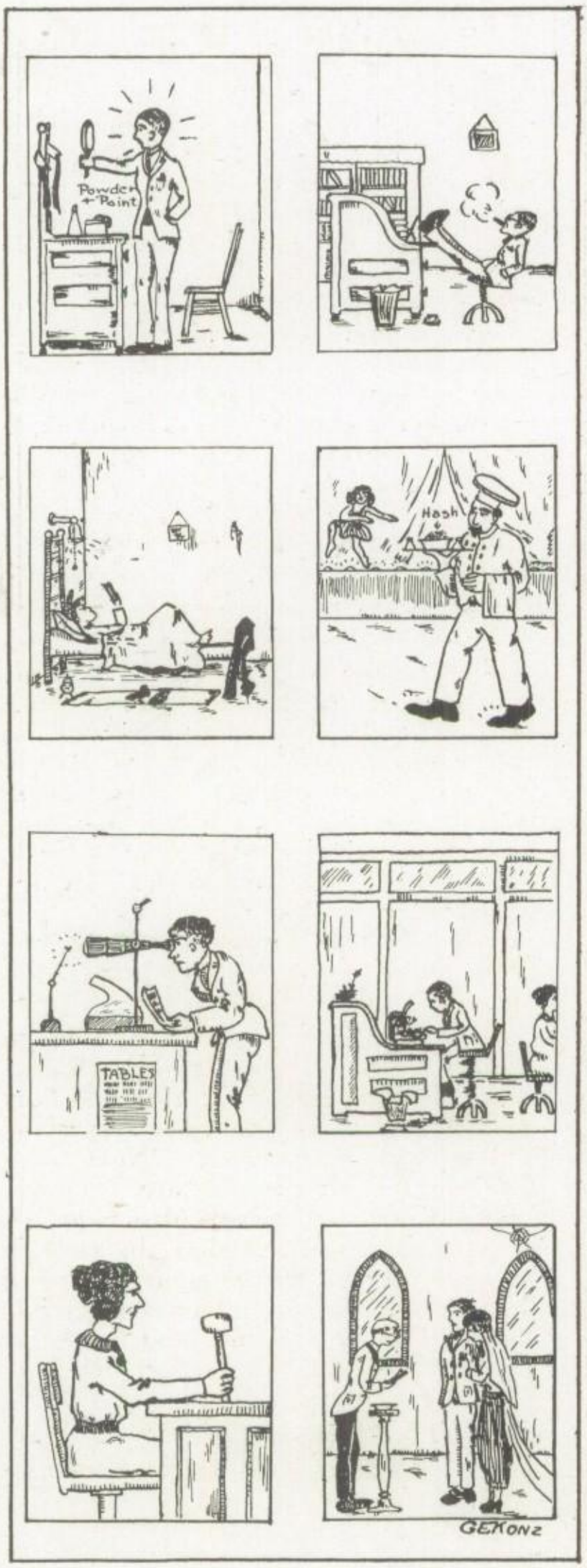
EUGENE ELKIN

Eugene turned around in class,
A certain girl to see,
And got a crick right in his neck,
From gazing constantly.

WINFIELD FOSTER

My grandad has a gold mine, now that's
the gospel truth,
Your dentist gets the gold from there
to fill your aching tooth,
He also runs a lumber mill, I hear its
awful roar,
He sells the toothpicks for five cents;
they're never any more.

KIDDIES KAVI



RANDOLF KRUEL

Ability to beautify
Is much to be desired
Of beautifying just himself
Randolf has never tired.

RANDAL KORTUM

It is written by fate,
"A reporter he shall be."
He will get all the news,
And the latest, *accurately*.

KENNETH KEHL

Behold the would-be hero!
Behold his locks so fair!
At night upon a clothes pin
He curls his charming hair.

ORVIN KLEMA

A hash slinger he would be
If he could have his way
He's going to go to Corliss
To get that job, some day.

Gil' is a lad who will rival a college
In the wonderful unknown extent of his knowledge.
He's a wizard in English, can memorize dates.
And 'twas said by the use of millegram weights,
He proved that his glorious mind was not shallow
By catching a microbe and weighing his tallow.

HENRY KARK

If we could see the future
I'm sure that we could see
Our Henry as a lawyer
Handling money honestly.

LAURA KRAUS

I know a girl and her name is Kraus,
She has a heart just as big as a house.
Being well noted for unswerving piety
She incorporated a new society,
That has for its platform, if I may say,
The health of conductors short-changed on the way.

DOROTHY LALONDE

A short little lass
With brown wavy hair,
Since Willard is gone
Sits all day in despair.
We hear they'll soon wed;
Then won't she be gay,
No longer like lead,
Her heart on that day.

KIPLIRS KAWI

JUNIOR

JUNIORS

Lives of Juniors all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking foolish questions
Take up recitation time.

A Day of School

"Seven o'clock, Emil!"

Emil stirs, mumbles, and then stares into space. With a bound he jumps out of bed and begins to dress. In twenty minutes he has tied up his broken shoelace, stolen his father's best tie, and washed behind his ears. In the next fifteen minutes, he drinks two glasses of water, and eats a shredded wheat, some toast, and a dubious egg. Grabbing his book, he makes a dash for the front door and starts for school. Alas, he has forgotten his theme paper! He dashes back, seizes his theme cover and a car check, and runs all the way to the corner — just in time to see the semi-annual street-car toddling merrily down the street about a block away. He does the frisco on the sidewalk in his anger.

He begins to run schoolward. Ah, me! he reaches the Halls of Learning at 8:20! With a look of pitiful dejection, he creeps into his roll call room, and glances furtively around. The teacher turns towards him, throws a desk at him, and exclaims in awful tones, "Emil Perrick, you're late!" As Emil rushes into the hall, Henry S. playfully tosses a locker at him. "I'll excuse him," thinks Emil, as he measures his length on the floor. "Children will be children."

Poor Emil now comes to the worst. Trembling, he confesses to Miss Katerwhit that he is late. The aforesaid lady looks at him so hard that her eyes cross, and says in sweet tones, "Next time, Emil, you won't sleep so late." Downhearted Emil descends to Miss Godsar's class, where he learns that the verb *ea* becomes obsolete in the genitive case of the ablative absolute. This is a horrible disappointment to Emil, and he determines to commit suicide, but one look at Lester L. reassures him.

Miss Larcke has charge of Emil's next class. As soon as he enters, Miss Larcke's deep bass voice shrieks out, "We will now sing, 'Au Clair de La Street-light.' "

KIDDISH KAWI

Emil does this pretty well, save for the fact that he forgets the tune, and sings "America, the Beautiful," instead. After this an Armenian dance is given by Charles Galbank.

Emil's next class is Sensible Topics and Geometry. The question for discussion today is: Resolved, Is it right to skip school? Miss Zietnel resolves that it is, while G. Lynes resolves that it isn't. The debate ends with Emil's highly applauded resolution, that it is all right to skip school as long as it is done only five days out of the week. A series of bells then ring without any apparent reason.

After this, "There's a pause in the day's occupation," known as the dinner hour. (With apologies to Eugene V. Debs and Kenford Nelson.) After that, Emil returns, and gossips in the hall until the ever vigilant Miss Leystork places the point of her pencil firmly in his eye. After adjusting his eye, Emil takes a drink, gets his papa's tie wet, and ascends to Miss Drefun's English class. Here he learns that 'e' often follows the letter 'h', and is in turn frequently follows by double 'l'. During the recitation, little Pearl W. enters to visit the class. Miss Drefun places her gently on the desk among other little articles. Suddenly tiny Pearl points vigorously at Harold J., and cries out, "Has that funny boy got a toof-ache, he looks so cross!"

Emil's next class is a course in dice-shooting and boxing, conducted by Miss Dogiran. Harold K. gives a little talk on 'Graceful Dancing,' while Delta Sorenson speaks on 'Seven Ways of Making People Blush.' The class is closed by the little ditty, 'Vamp a Little Lady,' sung by the Misses Mona Volkert and Edna Jensen. Emil spends the next two hours in finding his hat and coat in the lower hall. His are the ones left after everyone is gone. With a sigh Emil goes out, leaving the High School to darkness and Benny Kimpel.

— *A Junior.*

SOPHOMORE

SOPHOMORES

See the gallant Sophomore,
Behold his face so fair,
  How proud he is —
  How stern he is —
His skull how filled with air.

KIPLIS KAWI

Advice to the Freshman

How to Have a Perfect Day

'Tis 8:15 in the morning,
The rush, the scramble to class,
The seventy minutes reciting,
The bell, the signal to pass.

The stroll to the next classroom—study,
The young handsome lad on the right,
The exit of 'just adored' teacher,
The spit-ball and eraser fight.

The sudden appearance of teacher,
The innocent gazing at books,
The silence — can hear the clock ticking,
The sideways, mysterious looks.

The registration for library,
The meeting your 'pal' in the hall,
The mysterious rush to your lockers,
The grabbing of hat, cap, and all.

The reading your *Enicar* swiftly,
The meeting you just must attend,
The homework that yet is unfinished
The problem you can't comprehend.

The catching you chewing on "spear-mint,"
The having to throw it away,
The passing a note to your neighbor,
The teacher who tells you to stay.

The fire-bell's clang in the hallway,
The leisurely pass down the stair,
The crowd near the door and the talking,
The feeling the calm balmy air.

The wishing you were in the Rialto,
The remembering you have to stay,
The getting your things from your locker,
The ditching the rest of the day.

— *Agnes Blackwood, '22.*

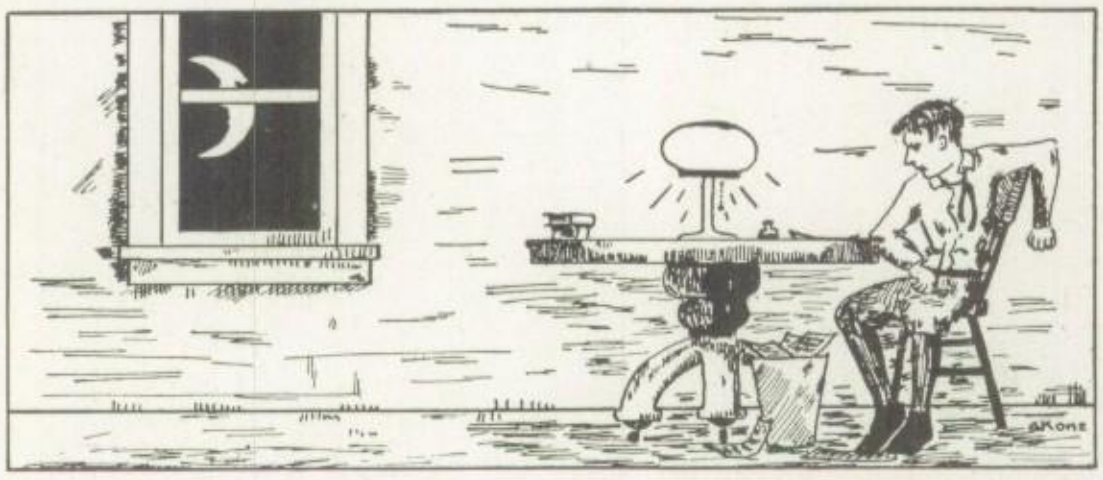
FRESHMAN

FRESHMEN

Seniors were born for great things,
Juniors were born for small,
But it never was recorded
Why Freshmen were born at all.

KIDDIE KAWI

LITERATURE



Who Invented the Zero?

Lunch hour was over; and fast drawing near
Was Geometry class. She trembled with fear.
Proposition eighteen, an original too,
With menacing features did frisk into view.
She yawned and she stretched, (a movement not rare.)
Good Heavens! There were only ten minutes to spare;
But slowly and surely her eyelids did close;
And an arm soon pillowed her two cheeks of rose,
Her mind wandered far from angles and lines,
The familiar class room was filled with strange signs.
The Glee Club burst forth in horrible rout
And now, like wild beasts from a cage leaped out,
The Basketball Boys rushed in with unearthly squawl
Mechanically battling the air for the touch of the ball,
Ah! The ball rolled into the basket and frightened them all.
The next to arrest her, a fragrant sweet Thing
Crept in from the halls like the flowers of spring.
The breeze stealing in through the wide open door
Blew a cloud of white dusty stuff o'er the floor.
Aha! There was Mavis, Melba, and perfumes all new,
E'er the Basketball Girls swept forth into view.
They tiptoed most lightly, they adjusted each curl,
While they dodged from the ball like leaves all awhirl.
But look! A form uncanny in mien
Loomed up. It was, alas, theorem eighteen.
In floated a sound like a funeral knell,
Good Gracious! It is the one-thirty bell!
She started and quickly arose from her seat.
Could it be possible she had fallen asleep?
She snatched her Geometry book in dismay.
To bluff she must trust the rest of the day.
She listlessly sauntered along to her class
Was called on first thing, was this poor sleepy lass;
No bluff mustered out the theorem she sought.

Result? Class Book opened. Teacher
wrote big round nought.
Now wasn't that teacher a regular Nero
To give this fair maiden a round horrid
zero?

This may be a dream, perhaps it is true,
I'm wondering, Did this ever happen to
you?

— *Helen Shimanski, '24.*

Universal Affliction

I.

At quarter after one upon a bright and
bracing day,
I came to school with books in hand and
put my coat away.
I climbed the creaking stairway to the
crowded lower hall,
And placed myself in solid comfort up
against the wall.

II.

Then Arthur Olsen came along; he's
such a charming lad!
I asked him what new trouble made his
countenance so sad.
He'd have to shorten up his face, that
much I plainly saw,
Or he would have an accident and
stumble on his jaw.

III.

His face was like a meter stick, you
ought to have heard him rave,
'Twould take us almost half a day to
give that lad a shave.
We got a quart of vinegar; he drank it
by the cup,
We racked our brains without avail;
he would not sweeten up.

IV.

His eyes flashed fire; his anger reached a
dread alarming height;
With doubled fist and gnashing teeth he
spoiled for a fight.
He ate a crate of lemons, with the sourest
ones on top.
The noise he made would put to shame a
busy boiler-shop.

V.

With gasping breath and livid face he
said an awful thing,
A single word discernible, that rose on
ragged wing.
Just that one word with frothy mouth;
we understood him fully,
And sympathized with him, because the
awful word was Woolley.

— *Harold C. Newman, '22.*

Blisters

In speaking of blisters, one must proceed very carefully, because everyone knows that a blister is a very tender subject to touch upon. Everyone, from the most dapper Dan to the lumberjack, has the greatest regard for this delicate subject and treats it with the utmost compassion. It is an object to be treated in that manner! The blister is an exceedingly democratic affliction and takes no heed of caste or station. Solomon in all his glory might have been stricken by one of these. Who can say but that Achilles suffered from a blister on his vulnerable heel. We all know that is the blister's most beloved location. However, we cannot blame the blister for its devilish characteristics. It is simply natural for the blister to spring forth in the most important spot at precisely the wrong time. This is one of the blister's most famous characteristics. Blisters assail men in all walks of life. It is and always has been the burning question and many great men can say it has made them smart. Multitudes have spoken very eloquently and with the most vivid diction upon this sensitive subject. However, because it is a subject that not even a great literary genius dare touch upon, I will desist from going farther into the discussion. Even the great peer of English literature referred to it in a most evasive manner when he said, "Aye, there's the rub!"

— *Kenneth C. Kehl, '22.*

KIPLIRS KAWI

ATHLETICS

Athletics

Football

The football season this year was a remarkable success for our opponents. Part of this was due no doubt to the smashing drives of our sturdy captain and backfield man, Bert Ellis. As Mr. Wilbor says, "Ellis plays football remarkably well, but he must give more attention to his Domestic Science." Little Arty Bartholemie, although handicapped by lack of weight, played a scrappy game at end. Arty was the fastest man on the field, always under the forward passes and always on top of his opponents. Straube, playing fullback, by main force and muscular superiority, argued his way through the opponent's line. The team was handicapped at the beginning of the season by losing Roy Whitley, who gave up football to devote himself to debating. Roy shows great ability in this line, but his position at center was hard to fill. Young Mike Henke played a heady game in the position of quarter-back. Henke would sneak behind the opposing team and start talking to our boys. They would make one grand rush for Mike, thus advancing the ball down the field continually. The team this year certainly deserves great credit. To show their appreciation, the Park Board gave a banquet in honor of the team at the Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria. At this banquet the arm bands were given to the legible men, and announcement was made of the re-election of Bert Ellis as Captain for the next four years.

Hookey

This time-honored game had a strong following during the past season. Mrs. Whitaker, assisted by Miss Neitzel, coached this division, presenting the rudiments of the sport in a very complete manner. As the game is played now, the participants are usually in groups of two, both sexes being represented. This diversion offers the opportunity for the development of versatility; abilty to keep quiet about a good show, adeptness in penmanship, a good line, and imaginative ability all being necessary to play the game in good style. The team representing the school was composed of the following players: "Sonny" Lewis, Ruth Kristerius, John Lindhardt, Olive Woodry, Chuck Lange, Bert Ellis, Anona Driver, Roy Biehn, Rose Mantell, Benny Kimpel, and others.

Track

Now —
She stepped up to the starter,
A creature quite superb,
Her easy grace and carriage,
Her opponents did disturb.
Then —
The judges gave the signal,
And off the racers dashed,
She dropped back in the second,
Made her backers think they'd cashed.
But —
She sped into the last lap,
Her pace was holding fine,
She crept up on the leaders,
And broke the finish line!
And —
The watchers closed around her,
Some cheered and others cursed,
In the main they all were happy,
And then her back-tire burst.
— Ted Merriman, State Champion.

Long distance scholastic record. Three years a Freshman.

Ice Hockey

In these days of artificial ice and cheeks, ice hockey is popular with the boys.

Witness:
There's nothing like the ice, boys,
Full of sorrows, full of joys,
Fine for the whiskey the night before,
Nice next morning when heads are sore,
Useful for keeping rivers froze,
Helps to land you on your nose,
Doesn't rate high as a hot drink,
But it makes a darn-good skating rink.
— *Beany Coble, Coach.*

Jacks

The Athletic Association barred craps as a girls' sport this year, and jacks was introduced as a substitute. Much credit is due Miss Kammerer who faithfully coached the team through a strenuous season. The players showed exceptional ability, and, managed by Travers Hand, made a successful tour of the district, winning every battle. Edith Kovar, the sturdy little captain, was remarkably adept in reaching "jack-be-nimble" without a miss. "Ring-the-bell" and "knock-on-the-door" were no attainments at all for Ursula Bauman who many times during the season made her "rattlesnakes" with ease. Eleanor Burgess was successful in getting "eggs-in-the-basket" in some of the contests, while Elizabeth Donner starred in "piling-up-wood." No doubt the jack laurels should go to Laura Schacht who made "kisses" all through the season. As Travers says, "The game of jacks is a valuable addition to girls' sports, since it keeps the players both mentally and physically fit."

Indian Club

The Indian Club sprang into being in December. A number of energetic students saw the need of an organization for promoting physical development. The Club decided that the faculty adviser should be chosen from the following teachers: Miss Simmons, Miss Driscoll, Mr. Sanders, Miss Harvey, and Miss Sadie Hood. Miss Hood was finally chosen because of her training in athletics. With Miss Hood as adviser, the club entered into a series of activities tending to produce the desired results. Meetings were held every week, the refreshments, cocoa and toast, being supplied by the D. S. Department. It was decided at the beginning of the year that every member would pledge himself to walk to school every morning and hike at least two miles over each week end. Eugene Elkin suggested that knitting be taken up as profitable exercise, and La Cell Rork introduced drinking a cup of cold water each morning for stimulation. The following members received awards at the end of the year for the highest gains in avoirdupois: Vincent Olle, Verna Sommers, Jean Harvey, Willis Haumersen, and Bill Chadwick. The Indian Club had a very successful year, and it is hoped that it will be considered a regular school activity hereafter. The officers for 1921-22 are as follows:

President: Gordon Iverson
Vice President: Alice Moore
Secretary: Travers Hand
Treasurer: Victoria Wilson
Sergeant-at-arms: Benny Kimpel
Apparatus Manager: William Johnston
Water Boy: Dick Smith

WANTED: A CHAPERONE

SOMEONES FISHING US

MONKEY BUSINESS

MACK-SENNET HIMSELF

SOME HEN

WILD AND WOLLY

BLUE BEARD'S WIVES

VAIN WOMAN"

WHY THE PIANO?

ISN'T IT NATURAL

NICE BIRDIE

DOGGY EH?

CUNNING?

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE publication of the Kipikawi each year is made possible by the patronage of its advertisers. The merchants and manufacturers who make the Kipikawi their medium deserve the wholehearted support of the student body.

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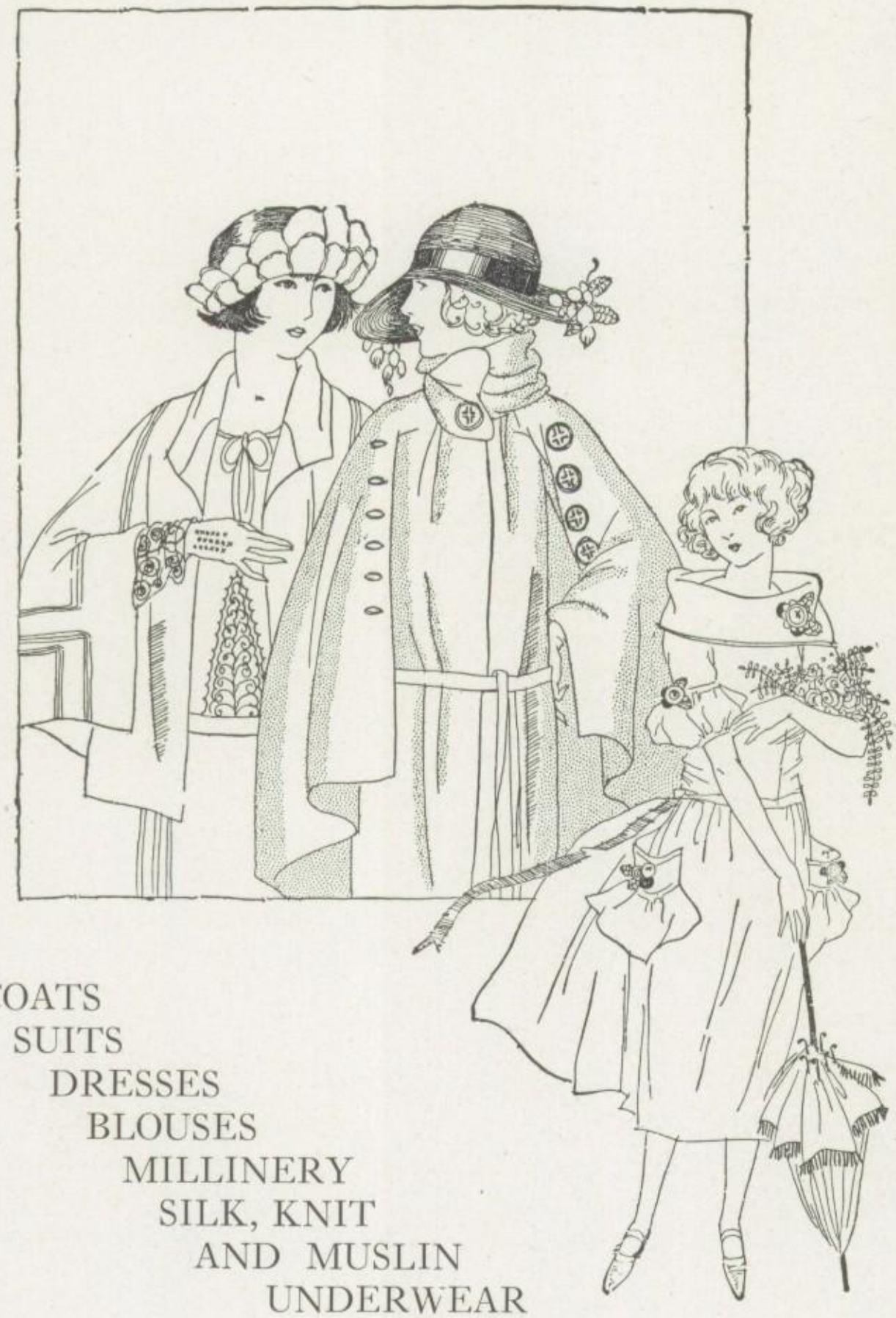
ONE LOW PRICE TO ALL

The Style Shop

416 MAIN ST.

NOW UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT



COATS
SUITS
DRESSES
BLOUSES
MILLINERY
SILK, KNIT
AND MUSLIN
UNDERWEAR
SKIRTS
HOSIERY
INFANTS' WEAR
ETC.

We wish you success in all undertakings that tend for good in this world filled with Golden Opportunities.

Bullock's Confectionery

309 Sixth Street

Fashion's Most Authorative Styles in

Women's Apparel

The woman who is contemplating the purchase of wearing apparel, to be perfectly safe in style, should select her garment here. We show only the models that have received the pat of approval from Dame Fashion, and the great business plus the large organization of style experts we employ makes that assurance positive. Here you will find a collection of styles and prices that is proof beyond words.

Cloaks, Suits, Coats, Skirts, Dresses, Furs, and Millinery

RACINE CLOAK CO.

410-412 Main Street

NELSON'S RESTAURANTS

ARE GOOD PLACES AT WHICH TO EAT

418 Main Street — Corner Main and Third Streets

BY COURTESY OF

A. ARTHUR GUILBERT

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

RACINE, WIS.
524 MONUMENT SQUARE

UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE BANK

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK IS THE PIONEER NATIONAL BANK
OF RACINE AND THE LARGEST NATIONAL BANK
IN RACINE COUNTY

CAPITAL.....$300,000
SURPLUS.....$300,000

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES
PRIVATE BOX, $3.00 PER YEAR AND UP

3% INTEREST ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

Make Our Bank :-: :-: Your Bank

BUY OR RECOMMEND
A
PACKARD OR NASH CAR
"Ask the man who owns one."
J. A. JACOBSON AUTO CO.
Phones 4350 - 7400

Nelson & CO., Inc.
GENERAL CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS
Repairing Done by Expert Mechanics
Estimates Furnished
Phone 233
408 Robinson Building Racine, Wisconsin

Mehder Dry Goods Co.
1408 - 1410 Washington Avenue
The Home of Good Merchandise

"No one man can think of everything. The diamond mine of advertising is found in the interchange of ideas among trained minds."

Western Advertising Agency
RACINE

506 Baker Block — Telephone 974

67 Years of Advertising Experience

In the consideration of each marketing plan this organization gives it the benefit of advertising experience beyond that of any individual.

Two members of our firm have been actively engaged in advertising work for 18 years. Others have been creating and using advertising from 2 to 16 years. When a merchandising problem is presented to us it receives the seasoned judgment 67 years of advertising experience.

This experience is available for increasing the sale of your products.

"Ten minutes from your office"

Page Two-Forty-Eight

It was the rush hour in the big public library. People bustled here and there, bringing back books and getting new ones. The librarians at the big charging desk worked frantically to stem the rush of book getters. Following his turn at the desk, a bullet-headed Austrian about fifty years old, put in a request for a book called, "Hendryx's Land and Sea." The junior assistant at the desk went to the place where the book should have been but found it missing. This seemed a strange thing to him, for the book was an old one, and had not circulated for years. He reported this to the Austrian, who in an excited manner demanded that the book be procured. His very earnestness of desire prompted the assistant to look through all the circulation files to see whether the book had been drawn or not. He found that the book had not been drawn and that it should be in its place on the shelves.

Returning to the Austrian, the assistant told him that the book must have been misplaced or stolen. A look akin to fear passed over the Austrian's face, and, jamming on his hat, he hurriedly left the building.

* * * * *

One morning, just after the library had opened for business, while the assistant was performing his usual duty of reading the shelves, he came upon a section of shelving in which all the books lay in a discarded heap, some on the floor, others piled one on the other. He gazed in wonder, for the night before he had straightened and arranged this section of shelving. Suddenly, as he noticed the numbering on the backs of the books, a flash of intuition presented an explanation. The Austrian! It was in this section his book should have been! Could he have returned, broken his way into the library and hunted for his book! Absurd! What interest in a mere book could have compelled the Austrian to break into the library, a serious criminal offence?

Giving up the solution, the assistant straightened the shelves and for the time being forgot the incident.

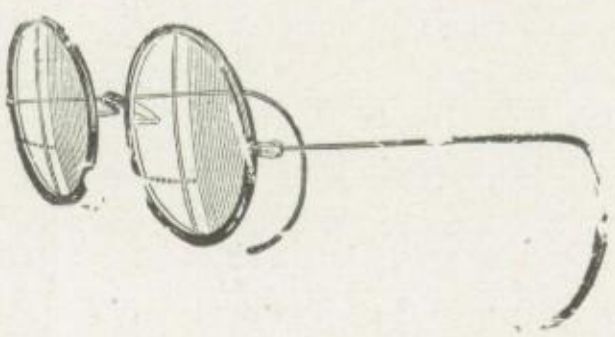
A few weeks later, under the same circumstances, he found a still larger sec-

RACINE OPTICAL CO'S EYE TALKS

Bright Students

with poor eyesight are often called dull pupils at school. Defective sight is a serious handicap in the struggle for an education.

The condition of your eyes today, has a direct bearing upon your future vision and success. This, being an age of conservation, waste is abhorred. Your greatest resource is good, keen and comfortable eyesight. Are you conserving it?



Should a thorough, scientific examination reveal the need of glasses, we are competent to supply reliable Eyeglass Service.

RACINE OPTICAL CO.
OPTOMETRISTS AND MFG. OPTICIANS
513 SIXTH STREET
PHONE 5534

ARTHUR J. JACOBSEN

BASSO CANTANTE

Creator of Dependable Singers

314 Main Street Telephone 5372

The Bel Canto Vocal Studio

Consultations and Voice Trials by Appointment Only

Voice should be an inspiration, and not a handicap, to everyone, singer or speaker, and all should study it for general health, if for no other reason, from a conscientious

TEACHER OF SINGING

LACHAT
CLEANER AND PRESSER
614 WISCONSIN STREET
RACINE - WIS.

Phone 3403

LAKE FUEL COMPANY

C. A. JILLSON, Pres.

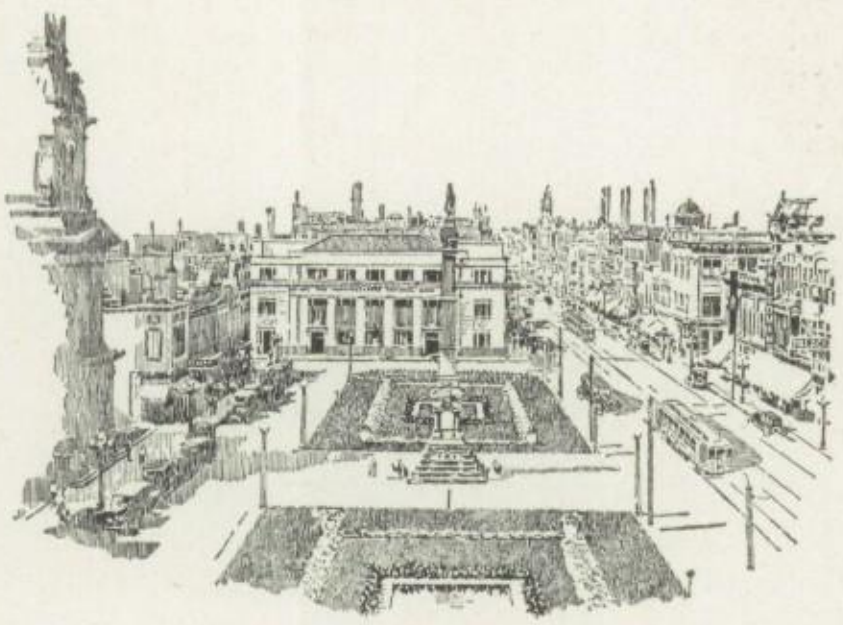
Energy Coal—Milwaukee Solvay Coke
Building Materials

YARDS: Racine Junction Phones 1307 - 1308 - 1309

Your Account Is Invited
Irrespective
of its size

3%
INTEREST

$1
OR MORE



THE MANUFACTURERS
NATIONAL BANK

OF RACINE

ESTABLISHED 1871

50 Years of Banking Experience

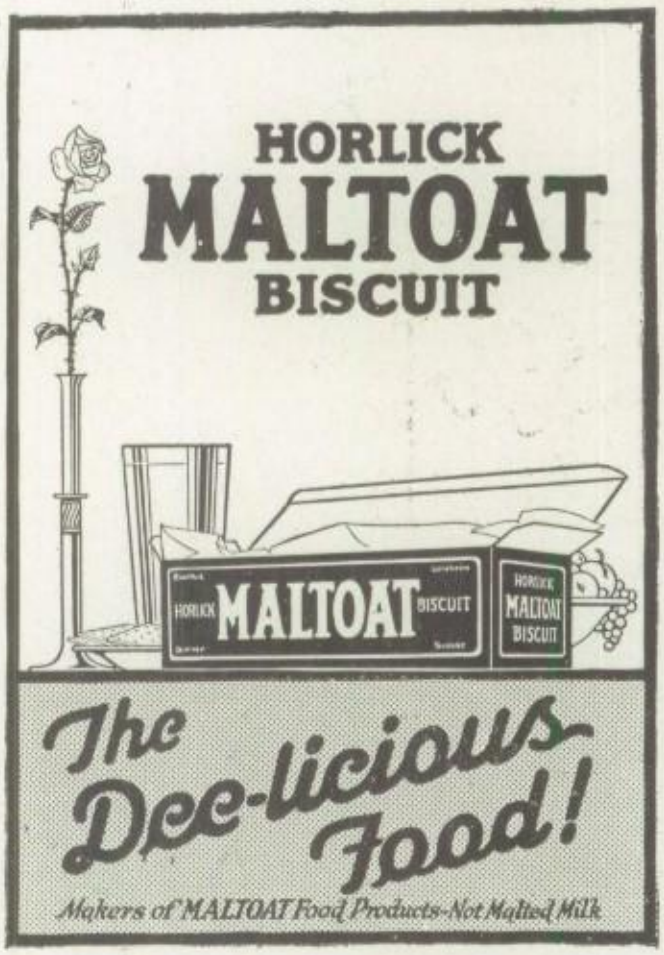
Have You Tasted
Their Creamy Richness?

These delicious, dainty, crisp, wafer-like Horlick MALTOAT Biscuit just melt in your mouth. Their rich, creamy flavor is that of sun-ripened oats and sweet, flavory malt. So good you can't seem to get enough.

A delightful food combining all the tonic properties of malt with the muscle, bone and tissue building qualities of oats. Six times more nourishing than milk. Extremely easy to digest.

Get some. Sold wherever good things to eat are sold.

Horlick Maltoat Products Co., Racine, Wis.. Manufacturers of Horlick MALTOAT food products; not connected with any firm marketing malted milk.



WILLIAM D. THOMPSON · PETER J. MYERS · THOMAS M. KEARNEY. JR.

THOMPSON, MYERS & KEARNEY

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

RACINE, WISCONSIN

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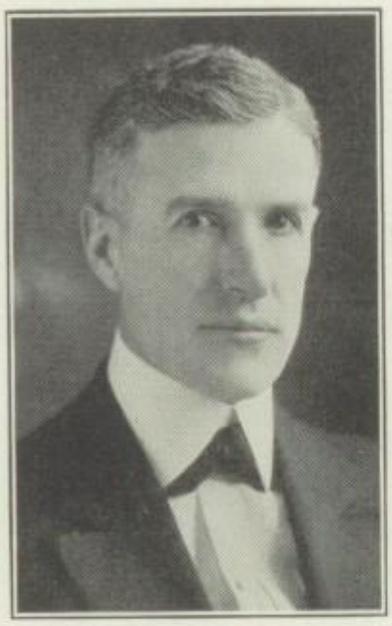
WEBSTER ELECTRIC COMPANY
RACINE WISCONSIN U.S.A.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE

GAS ENGINE IGNITION



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Thomas W. Leslie

$ MALL $ UMS $ YSTEMATICALLY $ AVED
will make you independent in 15 or 20 years.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES
210 Baker Block

Racine Wisconsin

Simmons, Walker & Wratten

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Racine, Wisconsin

John B. Simmons
Mortimer E. Walker

C. O. Bergener
Charles Wratten

Dr. P. T. Van Ornum

DENTIST

Phone 653 610 Main Street Rooms 307 - 308

Flowers—

The FLOWER SHOP

REHL & BENZ

PHONE 407 — 610 - 12 WISCONSIN STREET

Success to '22

Stepping now into the full sunlight of the morningtide of life, whether to enter institutions of higher learning or the work-a-day world, may success and happiness be yours. This is our wish to the Class of '22.

Thos. A. Fagan Co.

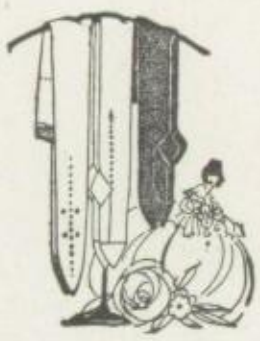
NOTHING BUT INSURANCE

PHONE 135 — 510 MONUMENT SQUARE

Tremendous Trifles

Spring can be expressed as charmingly in accessories, those dainty important trifles so necessary to good grooming, this store has an especially good selection at attractive prices.

Fashion



Clever little person ordains —chic expanse of contrast Color Hose between the hem of the Skirt and the New Spring footwear. It is her way of calling attention to hoisery now that skirts are longer. Fine silk hose in Nude, Grey, Black, Navy, and Brown Shades.

Gloves

New spring gloves in neutral and dark shades are fashions choice which makes especially important waist styles with fancy stitched backs. The new Spring gloves include Chamois, Silks, fabric gloves and the popular kids in all shades and lengths.

"49 Years in Racine's Confidence."

Schroeder
DRY GOODS CO
402 - 404 Main Street

Pomeroy's Drug Store

1330 Washington Avenue

We Either Have It; Will Get It; or It Never Was

KODAKS — CANDY — DRUGS

KAWNEER STORE FRONTS
STEEL CEILINGS
FACTORY PIPING
TIN AND GALVANIZED
IRON WORK

C.W. Pansch
SHEET METAL WORK
Bridge & Ontario St. Phone 573

VENTILATING SYSTEMS
FIRE DOORS
FIRE WINDOWS
SKYLIGHTS
REPAIRING

Made in Racine

SOLD BY RELIABLE DEALERS

WHEREVER COMFORT IS APPRECIATED

Harvey RACINE

Ride Rite Springs

W. Earl Trauger

JEWELER

311½ Sixth Street — Racine, Wisconsin

Between College and Wisconsin

Dr. Geo. E. Mason

DENTIST

Phone 2667 — 209 Sixth Street

BUFFHAM'S

FOR SERVICE

WALL PAPER
PAINTS
WINDOW SHADES
LINOLEUM

PAINTING AND DECORATING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

The Best is none too good for our Customers.

403 - 5 MAIN STREET PHONE 2861

RACINE TIRES

On the wings of spring comes the joy of motoring. There can be no real joy in motoring if your tires are always giving you trouble. The quality of workmanship and materials incorporated in the building of Racine Tires makes it possible for you to enjoy your motor rides to the fullest extent.

Cultivate the acquaintance of the Racine Tire Dealers in this community. They will give you courteous and reliable service, and will sell you tires warranted to be free from all defects in workmanship and material.

RACINE TIRE DEALERS ARE:

BRIETZKE & PAULI	510 COLLEGE AVENUE
PIONEER TIRE & BATTERY CO.	SIXTH AND COLLEGE
WASHINGTON AUTO SERVICE CO.	3009 WASHINGTON AVENUE
ASYLUM AVENUE GARAGE	1809 ASYLUM AVENUE
SERVICE GARAGE	DOUGLAS AVENUE

BE SURE THAT EVERY TIRE YOU BUY BEARS THE NAME

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY, Racine, Wisconsin

tion of the shelving in a terrible condition. Bindings broken, pages torn out, backs ripped off, a miscellany of ruined books.

The situation now took on a more serious aspect. Accordingly the head librarian was summoned and surveyed the shelving. Her anger at the outrage was not lessened by the information concerning the Austrian. A city detective was called in, and for many weeks a search was made for the Austrian, but in vain. The Austrian had disappeared.

* * * * *

Several months passed, and one night as the assistant climbed the long steps leading to the library entrance, preparatory to going on duty for the evening, he saw a man who looked a great deal like the bullet-headed Austrian. He soon lost sight of him but all evening while at work, the thought of the Austrian kept recurring to him. He felt somehow or other that the Austrian would revisit the library, and formed a resolution that he would be there to watch the proceedings. So, when the rest of the staff had left for home, the assistant slipped back into the dark library and hid himself in the shadows near the section of shelving which had been disturbed.

The minutes seemed hours to him, and having worked hard all day, the assistant caught himself dozing. In spite of his resolve to keep awake, he fell off into sleep.

About midnight he awoke with a start. All about him was darkness. Through a window at the far end of the room, a pale shaft of moonlight flickered into the room, intensifying the inky blackness. The stacks of shelving rose like spectres. The clock on the wall seemed panting in frightened jerks. Out of the awful stillness came a gasping sigh, such as one utters when one's blood is ebbing away. Horror stricken, yet impelled by an irrestible force, the assistant groped his way cautiously to the shelving. As he drew nearer, and his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he descried a dark form huddled on the floor at the foot of the shelving. Cautiously advancing upon hands and knees, he soon drew near the figure, when suddenly his hand encountered something warm and slippery. He recoiled, sensing intuitively that it was

QUALITY SERVICE PRICE

Mohr-Jones Hdwe. Co.

"Racine's Leading Hardware Store."

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF—

Triangles
Triangular Scales
Drawing Ink
"T" Squares
Ruling Pens
Drawing Boards
Drawing Paper
Tracing Cloth
Irregular Curves
Pencils and Erasers
Thumb Tacks
Map Tacks
Erasing Shields

Phone 192

313 - 319 6th Street Racine, Wis.

GOOD ADVERTISING, properly applied at regular intervals to all points of contact, will reduce sales friction just as surely as a few drops of oil, properly applied at regular intervals to all bearing surfaces, will assure constant, economic operation of factory equipment. The quality of service that has drawn many manufacturers in southern Wisconsin to Smith, McCrory & Company in the past year is founded on our ability to produce good advertising and apply it properly.

SMITH, McCRORY & CO.

INCORPORATED

ADVERTISING

468 COLLEGE AVE. RACINE, WISCONSIN

SEMON'S STYLES

are known city wide as the shoe style leaders
Why?
Because they are designed by the world's foremost designers of footwear.
Which Means
that if it is the smart styles you want go to
SEMON'S

X-RAY
which means Fit-no guessing-you can see for yourself how your Foot lies in the shoe. This service no EXTRA Charge.

SERVICE
FIT
SATISFACTION

FIRST WITH THE FINEST
SEMON'S SHOE STORE
221-6TH STREET PHONE 5696

HOISERY
SPATS
BUCKLES

CARL D. SKOW LOUIS A. LARSON
GEO. J. DUE

CARL D. SKOW
ESTABLISHED 1889

DRY GOODS

"Quality Merchandise at Popular Prices"

PHONE 2690 1314 WASHINGTON AVE.

Washington Auto Service

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES

EXPERT REPAIRING VULCANIZING
BATTERY CHARGING

GEO. E. H. NELSON
PHONE 6652

3009 WASHINGTON AVE.
NEAR C. N. SHORE & MILW. R. R. STATION
RACINE, WISCONSIN

The Badger Studios of Musical Arts

LILLIAN WATTS
VOICE

JOHN F. CARRE
PIANIST

FACULTY — MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

SUITE NO. 6
223 SIXTH STREET

TELEPHONE 7397

SAFETY
SERVICE
SATISFACTION

Farmers and Merchants Bank

1012 STATE STREET

RACINE, WISCONSIN

Racine Trunk Company

MANUFACTURER OF
TRUNKS AND TRAVELING BAGS

The Useful Gift is
The Most Appreciated

Every Graduate will be pleased to own one of our Bags or Trunks. We manufacture a complete line of Bags, Suitcases and Trunks. When filling your requirements, buy Quality Luggage made by

Racine Trunk Company
RACINE, WISCONSIN

WM. H. HETZEL

ELECTRICAL WORK AND SUPPLIES

THOR ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

EUREKA ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

423 SIXTH STREET

HEATING APPLIANCES — REPAIRS

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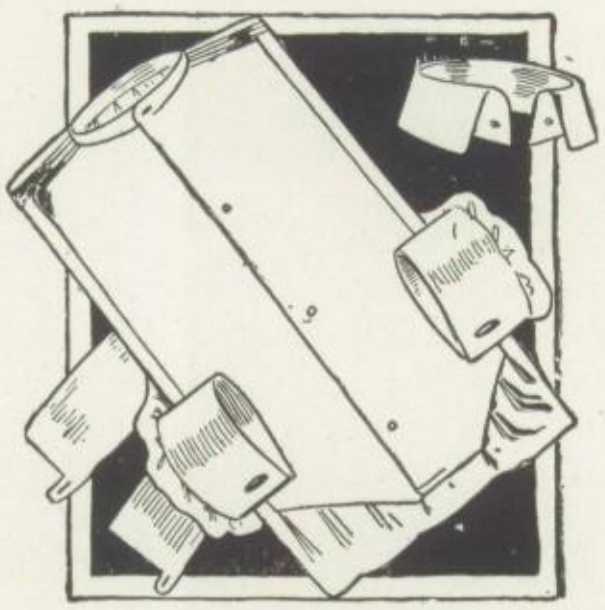

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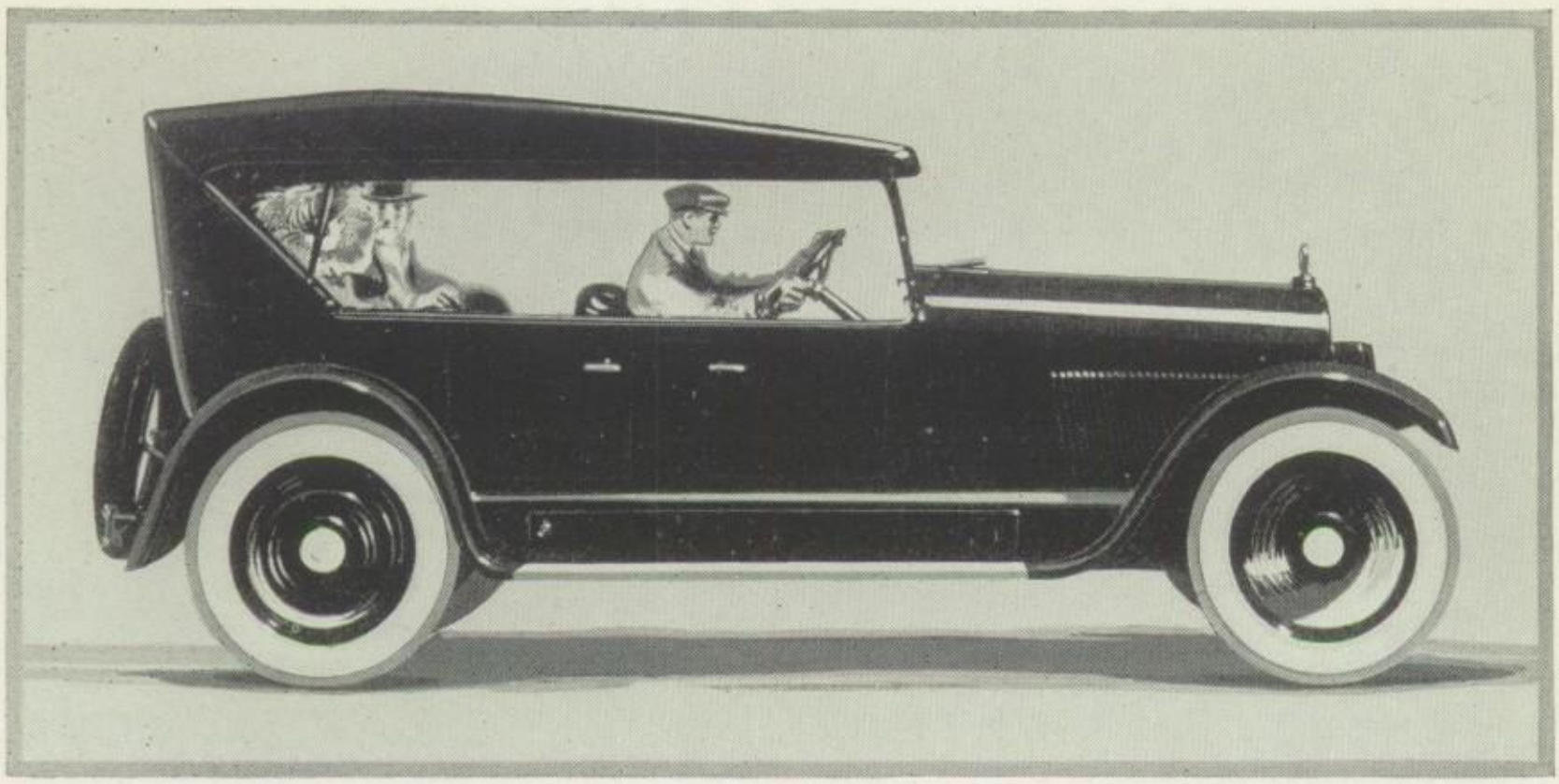
blood. Thoroughly aroused, he rose to his feet and reached the figure on the floor just in time to hear an agonized gasp, the word "two-forty-eight" muttered, a throaty gurgle, — and then that awful stillness again. Terrified, the assistant bent over and gazed fearfully at the body. Searching intently, his eyes caught the gleam of silver. Looking more closely, he saw a hilt of a knife inlaid in silver resting between the shoulder blades. Trembling, but not daring to resist the impelling force, he turned the figure again on its back. The Austrian was dead!

* * * * *

After many tedious days, the period of official investigation was over. Detectives had been here and there, coroner's juries had demanded this and that, and finally, so they thought, had settled the mystery of the murder. The detective in charge of the investigation had been a supercilious, over-bearing, conceited fellow. He had ignored all the information that the librarian had given him concerning the Austrian, and laughed to scorn the assistant's theory that the book "Hendryx' Land and Sea," had something to do with the murder. He had concocted a plausible theory of Black Hand trickery which was readily accepted by the coroner's jury, and a verdict of "murdered by person or persons unknown" had been returned.

The assistant, however, had a theory of his own which he adhered to despite all the ridicule of his co-workers. Diligently, he searched a portion of the library daily for the missing book "Hendryx' Land and Sea." Finally, after covering nearly all the ground, he chanced upon an old unused airshaft, which ended in the basement. At the bottom of the shaft he found a heap of old papers and books, and upon the very top of these he found the book! Evidently it had been thrust into the shaft from the room above and had lain there all the while.

Having previously made up his mind that the number "248" referred to a page in the book, he eagerly opened the book to that page. To his great delight he found some words written in a foreign language on the margin of the page. Running upstairs, he grasped a foreign dic-



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tionary. Ascertaining the language to be French, he roughly translated the words into English.

"The boy is dead. You are being sought next. Wultrum in your city. Lives 311 Alley court. Good bye."

The assistant paused in dismay. Here indeed, his reasoning failed him. What could these strange words have to do with the Austrian's death?

Suddenly he recalled the name of a famous detective who was in the city at this time. He had read a good deal of the man's kindness and generosity, and he finally decided to lay his case and theories before him. This he did, and due to the unusual atmosphere of the case, and perhaps to the flushed face and the look of perserverance in the eyes of the boy, the great detective decided to investigate. He sent the library assistant away, promising to call for him in case of any developments. The assistant left, happy to think that at least someone thought his theories plausible enough to consider them.

* * * * *

One day, while the assistant was reading his shelves at the library, the bell rang, summoning him into the head librarian's office. Upon entering the office, the assistant found Mr. Smith, the detective, with the librarian.

Mr. Smith spoke. "Young man," he said, "you put us on the track of one of the most complicated crimes on record. Your perseverance and intelligence are to be highly commended." Then in a more friendly tone, to put the assistant more at ease, he said, 'I suppose you are anxious to know how it turned out. Have a chair, and I'll begin."

The assistant gladly took the proffered support which his knees told him he lacked, and keyed up to the highest pitch of expectancy, he signified his willingness for the dective to begin.

"Well," Detective Smith began, "my story goes back quite a bit. At the close of the war, probably not one person in a thousand had ever heard of the kingdom of Marlenberg, near the border of Russia. Marlenberg, had, like Russia, been overrun by Bolsheviki, and the king killed. The heir to the throne, a mere boy of fourteen, had been forced to flee for his

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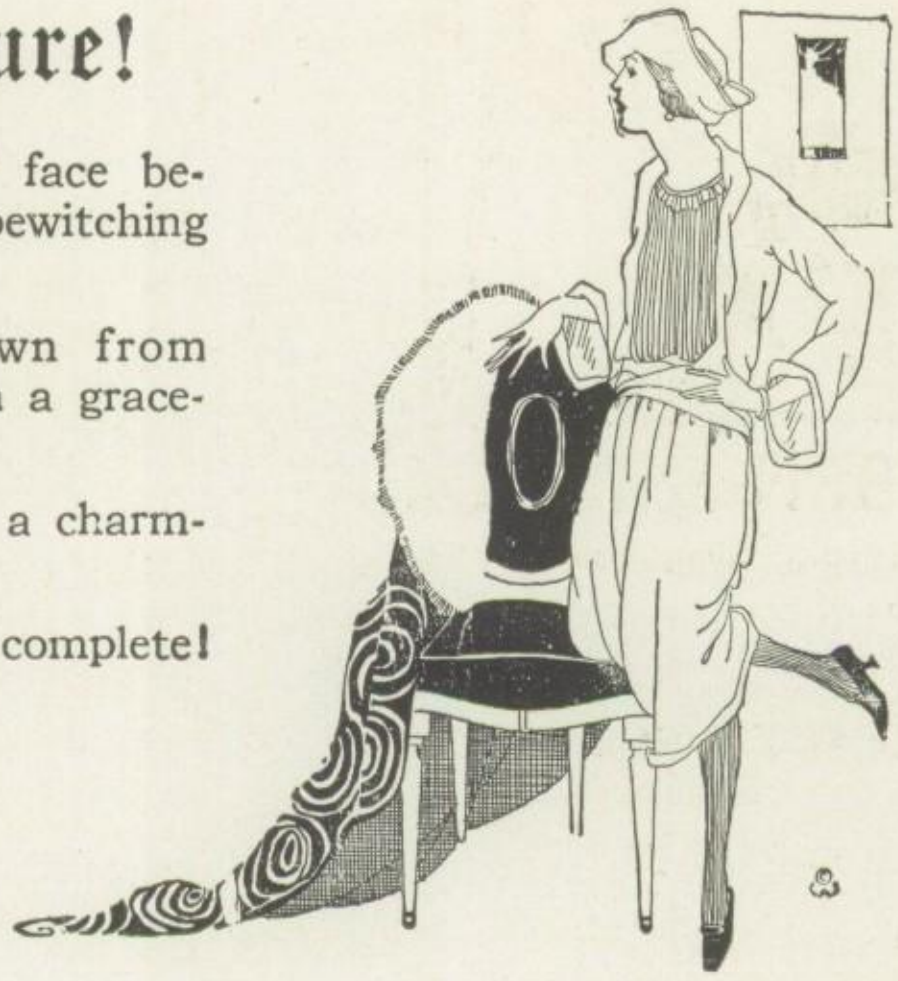

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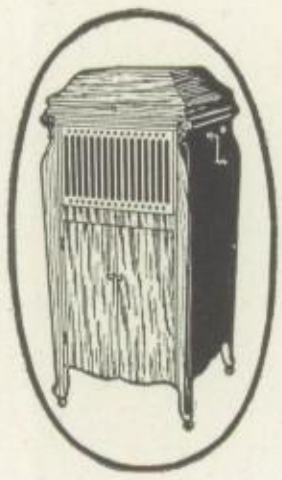
life. Finally, the boy's flight led him to America, to this city. There travelled with him, two faithful bodyguards, one the Austrian, the other a Bohemian, who watched over the young boy.

One day the Austrian was thoroughly alarmed to see one of the leading anarchists of the kingdom on a crowded street downtown. Terrified, he rushed to the house where the boy had been hidden to lay plans for future activity. They decided to separate; the Bohemian, being the younger, was to remain with the boy, and the Austrian was to mislead the conspirators. As a source of communication they were to write a report every ten days in this book, "Hendryx' Land and Sea," at the library. The boy, being well educated and speaking English, had ascertained that the book had not been in circulation for years; so they had decided to use it for that purpose. It was for this reason that the Austrian had come for the book and had wanted it badly. In the meanwhile, the conspirators, with a man called Wultrum at their head, had found the boy, and after a desperate struggle, the boy had been killed but, the Bohemian, severely wounded, had escaped with his life. Then the anarchists had lain in wait for the Austrian, and upon hearing of his strange actions in the library from the newspapers, resolved to watch for him there. How that turned out, you know." Then he paused a bit and after clearing his throat resumed his story. "However, fate turns the tables sometimes, for the Bohemian, recovering from his wounds, trailed the anarchists relentlessly. Finding the three alone in a dive at the end of town last evening, he, enraged and maddened, attacked the three men, killing two with two quick revolver shots, but as he knifed Wultrum, the third one, he himself received a death wound from the revolver which Wultrum had drawn. So Fate meets out Justice."

By Harold Konnak.



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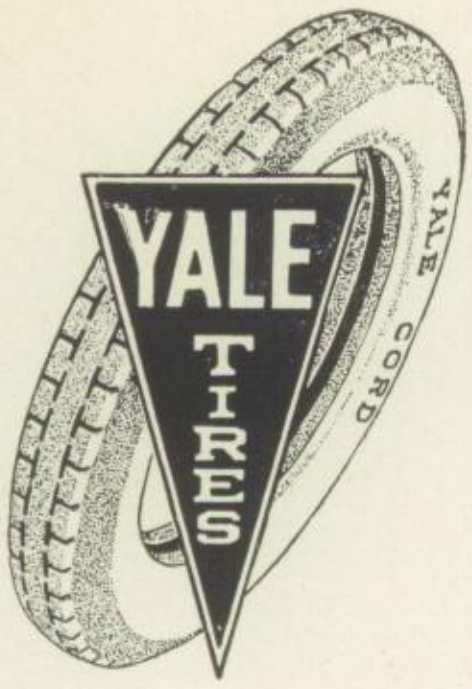

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If It's Brick
You Want

F. H. Haumersen Sons

A few facts about the enrollment of Wisconsin Business College complied March 31, 1922.

1 Has had two sisters and one brother here.
3 Have had two sisters here.
8 Have never attended a Public School.
9 Have attended Teacher Training, Normal, College, or University.
14 Are high school graduates.
18 Brothers and sisters in attendance.
24 Have cousins who attended Wisconsin Business College.
41 Have brothers or sisters who attended Wisconsin Business College.

Lawyers, Doctors, Dentists, Priests, Ministers, Salesmen, Bankers, and Managers in all lines of business have all found their training at Wisconsin Business College a good investment.

Three of our former students are making high school in three years and graduating this June.

One of our former students has just finished Milwaukee School of Engineering — making it in 2½ years.

One of our former students will graduate from Lawrence University in June. Her knowledge of shorthand helped her earn her way. One is attending Valpariso University.

Three are attending schools of Theology.

One is attending a school of Music.

Two are attending schools for Nurses.

The record of our former students show that enrolling at Wisconsin Business College does not mean that the student's education will be limited, but does mean that he will have better opportunities for educational advancement. The "personal touch" experienced by students attending our school, leads them to undertake courses in higher education. The training received with us enables them to help pay their way in other schools.

Our New Home

We have spent twenty years in the "four hundred block" Main Street. Within a few months we will be in our new home now building at 507 Park Avenue — a delightful location, a new building all on the ground floor, centrally located and in a quiet place. This is a real opportunity to get" in on the ground floor."

Wisconsin Business College

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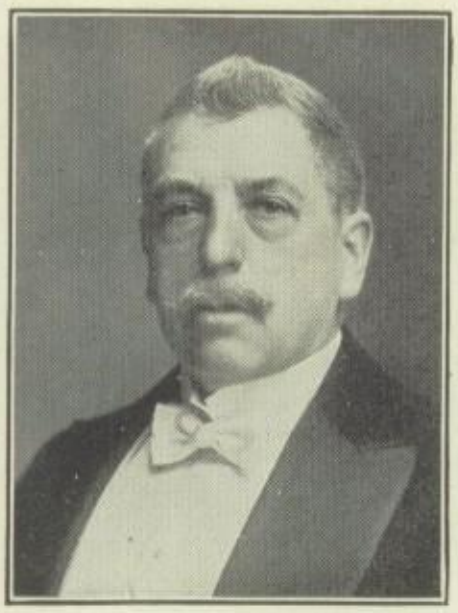

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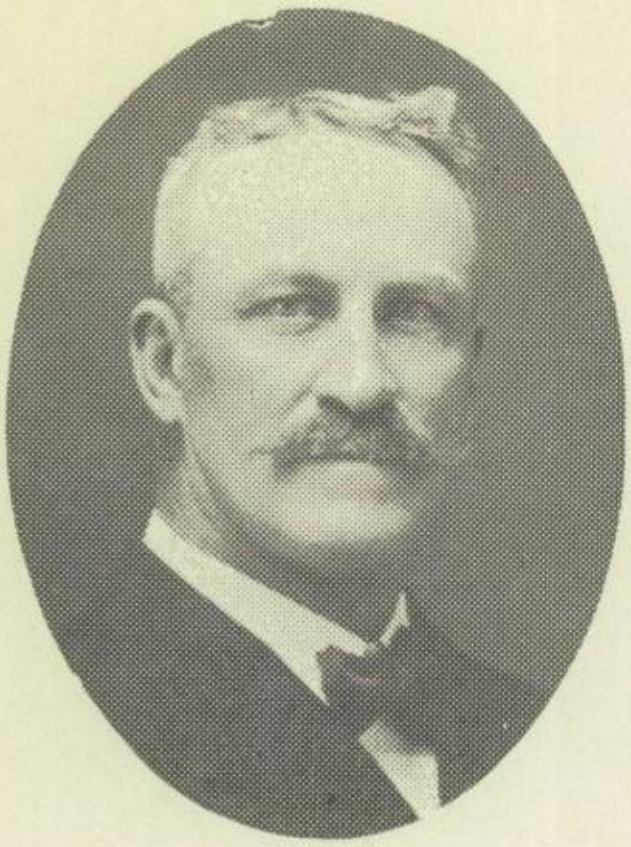

TO OUR BASKET TEAM

BY H. C. CASE

I must admit I like to sit
And watch the bouncing ball
As rooters scream when High School team
Goes flying down the hall.

It truly fills my frame with thrills
To see the tricks and chances
The boys will take to gain and make
Their lightning-like advances.

And when they throw I almost know
There'll be a change of score
And quick as wink some little gink
Will count up two points more.

As there I stand with hat in hand,
A better view to get,
I always say, "some future day
We'll win that trophy yet."

So when next year you reappear
I trust you will not lose a
Single game, but play the same
As you did with Wauwatosa.

It makes me grin to see you win
But whether you win or not
I'll be waiting here for you and your dear
To sell you a house and lot.

H. C. CASE 212 Fifth St.

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND LOANS

MORTGAGES FOR SALE

ZAHN'S

"THE NEW THINGS FIRST"

Our Slogan if Carefully Studied
Carries A Worthwhile Thought for
The Future of The Graduate.

Overshoes

BY GAYLE MILLER

Flippety-Flop-Flippety-Flop
Way from the bottom up to the top;
The buckles jingle like bells on a sled,
Ye Gods! need any more be said.

The painted "flappers" all over the town
Walk the streets with a bared frown;
While their overshoes from bottom to top
Go Flippet-Flop-Flippety-Flop.

Their skirts are short—up to their knees;
Their necks are low—you'd think they'd freeze.
While their overshoes from bottom to top
Go Flippety-Flop-Flippety-Flop.

Flippety-Flop-Flippety-Flop
Up from the bottom, down from the top.
They have 'em open or roll 'em down
And thus go flopping through the town.

In England, Italy, France, and Spain,
The "flappers" wear 'em with might and main,
Ope' from the bottom up to the top —
Flippety-Flop-Flippety-Flop.

Pocket Billiards

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

GRAY LONGHEAD — Gray was our most valuable asset in pocket billiards this year. His eye for the pocket was remarkable.

HERB FALKENRATH — After faithful years on the scrub, Butts made the first team this year. He never got balled up, always using his head in a pinch.

DON WADEWITZ — The mainstay of the team was Don. His steady nerve guaranteed our Victory in the tighest places.

FLOYD SANDELIN—Sandy was a miracle. As a youngster he was called a prodigy. His choice of cues, his form and approach cannot be duplicated.

KEN KEHL — Kenny may be called the star of the season. He piled up points by the handful. "Hasn't scratched yet" is his motto.

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HEALTH
Because it is in harmony with the laws of NATURE
Yours for Good Health
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C. THOMSON	C. HILLER

DOROTHY J. MURPHY.....*Cashier*
MARCELLE GINOT.....*Chief Clerk*
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Remember that when your message is presented on a letterhead, the typewritten text is your word, but the letterhead is *you*. The same importance is attached to your personal or business Card, Folder, Broadside, or Catalogue produced to represent your business in the field of business. So, just as the successful Salesman is always a well-dressed, wide-awake, persuasive individual, so should your printing present the same appearance of progress and success.

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IT'S second nature with us to make clothes that satisfy.

Ask any man whose clothes are gracefully becoming.

You'll favor us and yourself by investigating our values.

THE GREENLEAF TAILORS

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